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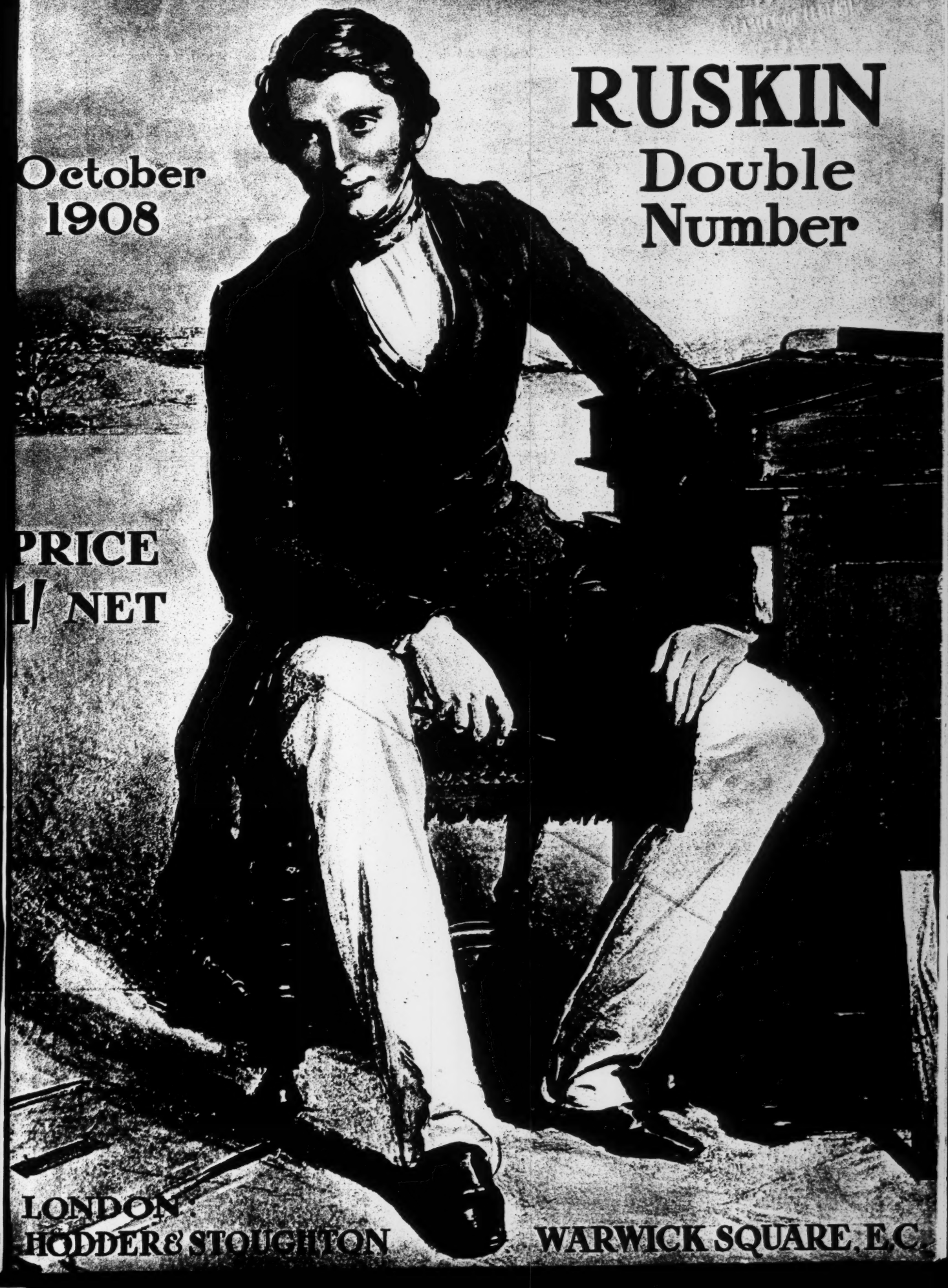

RUSKIN
Double Number

October
1908

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XUM

The Secret History of the Crimean War

THE PANMURE PAPERS

Being a Selection from the Correspondence of FOX MAULE, Second BARON PANMURE, afterwards Eleventh Earl of Dalhousie, K.T., G.C.B.

EDITED BY

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART., M.A., and SIR GEORGE DALHOUSIE RAMSAY, C.B.

With a Supplementary Chapter by the late Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D.

"HISTORY," says Lord Acton, "is better written from letters than from histories." In THE PANMURE PAPERS, the historical student will find given to the world, for the first time, the correspondence of a Sovereign with her War Minister during the course of a great modern war. Out of nearly two hundred letters of Queen Victoria which the Editors have been graciously permitted by his Majesty the King to print, less than a dozen have been already published in THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 1837–1861, edited by Mr. A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. The remainder are so far unpublished, and are, we venture to say, of the utmost interest in illustrating, not only her Majesty's profound sympathy with her Army in its seasons of suffering and of triumph, but her close attention to the minutiæ of the War Department and the details of its administration. Second only to these in interest are the letters of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, revealing as they do the breadth of intellectual view and the high sense of duty of one whose services to the nation were too early lost and too late appreciated. Lord Palmerston's letters may be said to illustrate the principle that, to the successful carrying on of a great war, the personal interest of the Prime Minister in the affairs of the War Department is essential. Of Lord Panmure's own letters it is enough here to say that, in addition to the new light thrown by them upon the Crimean War, and especially upon the period following the close of Kinglake's authoritative work—as, for instance, by the plans for the continuation of the war in the summer of 1856—they will be found to touch on many questions not uninteresting to the military student at a time of development and remodelling in the Army. The papers here published have been selected from a vast mass of material, much of which has necessarily been sacrificed to the considerations of continuity of narrative and of events which have retained their interest for the general public.

With the exception of a brief sketch of the life of Lord Panmure before and after his administration of the office of Secretary for War, a critical summary and defence of his work, a brief summary of the correspondence for each year during his tenure of office, and the supplementary chapter by Principal Rainy dealing with Lord Panmure's relations with the Free Church of Scotland, the entire work consists of Lord Panmure's correspondence after he succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as War Minister in February 1855, at the most critical moment—that is to say, of the Crimean War.

In addition to the letters to and from H.M. Queen Victoria, H.R.H. Prince Albert, and Lord Palmerston, there is much interesting and remarkable correspondence between Lord Panmure and H.R.H. Duke of Cambridge, Lord Clarendon, Lord Raglan, General Sir James Simpson, General Sir William Codrington, and Admiral Sir Houston Stewart.

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OCTOBER, 1908.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

An interesting feature of the November Bookman will be a symposium on the disadvantages of working in London—and out of it, the contributors to which include George Bernard Shaw, Jerome K. Jerome, H. G. Wells, W. W. Jacobs, H. Rider Haggard, Eden Phillpotts, Arthur Morrison, W. Pett Ridge, Richard Whiteing, Horace Annesley Vachell, W. E. Norris, Tom Gallon, E. F. Benson, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, and Miss Beatrice Harraden.

We are able to announce that the Love Letters of Jane Welsh to Thomas Carlyle will be published next year. These should go far to solve the Carlyle problem, and we are very glad that the resolution has been taken. Mr. John Lane will publish the volume.

Messrs. Duckworth, taking their courage in both hands, are to publish on November 25 the first number of the *English Review*, price 2s. 6d. net. They have got all the people as contributors—Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, Count Tolstoi, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, Anatole France, G. K. Chesterton, etc. They will complete a novel by Mr. Wells in four numbers, each containing about 40,000 words, and will pursue the policy with regard to fiction in the future. Mr. Conrad's Autobiography ranges from exile in Poland as a child to command of ships at sea, and to experiences in the Congo and the Malay Archipelago. This is a most inviting programme, but the success of the *Review* will depend quite as much on the choice of subjects as on the choice of contributors.

Publishers, booksellers, authors, readers, in fact the whole public will learn with great satisfaction that the miserable *Times* Book Club controversy has been satisfactorily ended. We may expect an increased circulation for the *Times* and a steady development in the *Times* Book Club.

The unveiling of the Boswell statue by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald at Lichfield was clouded over by the lamented death of Professor Churton Collins. Great public interest was taken in the proceedings and many visitors came from Brimingham and other parts. Among those present was Mr. Alexander Boswell of Ashbourne, who belongs to the Boswell family. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald spoke at the Johnson supper and also at the unveiling. The birthplace of Dr. Johnson was purchased by

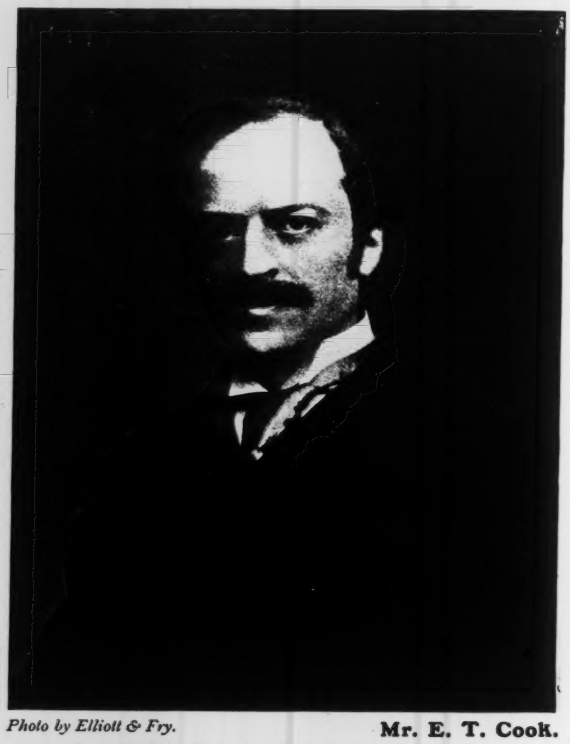


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. E. T. Cook.**
Joint-editor of the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Gilbert, V.D., in 1900, and presented by him to his native city. The house has been carefully restored, and a considerable number of valuable relics are to be found in it. These might be increased with great advantage.

Mr. Hall Caine's forthcoming volume of autobiography, "My Story" (Heinemann), contains some interesting personal recollections of Ruskin.

"During the last year but one before Ruskin's death," says Mr. Hall Caine, "I had the pleasure to meet him at his house at Coniston. Although I had known more than a little of him for so long, and had enjoyed so many points of touch with him, it was the first time I had met him face to face. He had then been for years silent, and so far as active interest in the affairs of life goes, he had long been dead. I found him very old and bent and feeble, a smaller, frailer man than I looked for; well in health, both of body and mind, but with faculties that were dying down very slowly and gently and almost imperceptibly, as the lamp dies down when the oil fails in it. His head was not so large as I had expected to find it, or it hardly seemed to me in form or size grand or massive; his eyes were slow and peaceful, having lost their former fire; and his face, from which the quiet life of later years had smoothed away the lines of strong thought and torturing experience, was too much hidden by a full grey beard. He spoke very little, and always in a soft and gentle voice that might have been the voice of a woman, but he listened to everybody and smiled frequently. All the fiery heat of earlier days was gone, all the nervous force of the fever patient, all the capacity for noble anger and wrath. Nothing was left but gentleness, sweetness, and quiet courtesy, the unruffled peace of a breathless evening that is sliding into a silent night. In short, his whole personality left the impression of the approach of death; but of death so slow, so gradual, so tender, and so beautiful, that it almost made one in love with it to see it robbed of every terror.

"It was winter time," Mr. Hall Caine continues, "and Coniston Old Man was heavily capped with snow, yet once a day Ruskin took a walk in the road, going slowly with a stick and leaning on the arm of his manservant. Behind his house there is a rocky hillside, with winding steps to the summit, and in former days he climbed the path constantly; but that was an impossible exercise now. Apparently he passed most of his time in a little parlour overlooking the lake, taking his meals there instead of with the family, and only coming into the drawing-room after dinner. The little sitting-room contained some priceless treasures, chief among them being bound copies of certain of Scott's manuscripts. Ruskin's bedroom was, I think, the room above his sitting-room—a small chamber of perhaps twelve foot by ten papered round from ceiling to floor with water-colour pictures by Turner, making

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C.**
Joint-editor of the Library Edition of Ruskin's Works

Photo by W. & D. Downey. **Mr. Richard Bagot.**
Author of "Anthony Cuthbert."

the air warm with the glow and splendour of their colour. The windows of the little room looked out on a far different scene from the scenes pictured within—the white top and bare sides of Old Man, the half-frozen lake, and the grey mists of the moorland floating between. And standing there in the midst of those priceless treasures, with the fiery soul beside me, now tempered with age and softened by the joys of home and the love of devoted kindred, it was difficult to recall without emotion his glorious passage which begins, 'Morning dawns as I write,' or to think without tears of the day, that was then so near, when he who loved it so would look on the scene no more."

Few Englishmen have a more intimate acquaintance with the social and political life of Italy than Mr. Richard Bagot. He has lived almost as much in Italy as in his own country, and had written and published in Italian before he made any contributions to English literature. The scenes of his new novel, "Anthony Cuthbert," which we review elsewhere, are laid partly in Tuscany and partly in Northumberland, with which county he is connected by family ties.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who is well known as the painter of the famous picture, "Love Locked Out," that was purchased for the nation by the Chantrey Bequest, has written a book that she is calling "An Artist's Garden," and Messrs. George Allen are to publish it this month. Mrs. Merritt has lived for some years past in a Hampshire village, and spends much of her time in a charming garden that she has made and tended herself. It is this garden that she describes in her book, and, being artist and author too, she illustrates it with sixteen full-page drawings in colour.

Two new volumes in Messrs. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations" Series are to be "William the Conqueror, and the Rule of the Normans," by F. M. Stenton, and "Charles the Bold, Last Duke of Burgundy," by Ruth Putnam.

Though "The Story of Anna Beames," which Mr. Heinemann published last year, was Mrs. Amy Dawson-Scott's first novel, it was not by any means her first appearance in print. She had published two books some time before that: "Sappho," an epic, when she was about one-and-twenty, and three years later, "Idylls of Womanhood," a volume of poems. A period of ill-health compelled her to give up writing for a while; then she wrote "Anna Beames," which she had rather wanted to entitle "Some Women: Vol. I.," it and her new novel, "The Burden," and "Treasure Trove," another

Photo by Ellis & Walery. **Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott.**
Author of "The Burden."

which she has just finished, being all three studies of women in exceptional circumstances. In "The Burden" Mrs. Dawson-Scott set herself to answer the usual question: "What in the given circumstances would these particular people have done?" and she also allowed herself to talk freely on a subject which, as a mother, she has very much at heart—the proper care of little children. Her book is dedicated to "H. D. L.," the initials being those of her cousin, the late H. D. Lowry, the Cornish poet and novelist. "I felt it was only fitting," she says, "that such a book should be dedicated to one who, as all who knew him are aware, was a tender lover of the little folks."

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are only superficially the newest publishers in London, for the head of the firm was for many years with Messrs. Hutchinson. Their first list of publications includes novels by Helen Mathers and George Colmore, in addition to the cheap reprints of two of Mr. Crosland's sensationally humorous books that have already made their appearance; it includes also an admirable series of practical handbooks on decoration, painting, and building, under the general editorship of Arthur Seymour Jennings; a new "Up-to-Date Reciter," edited by Alfred H. Miles, and the same editor's very popular series of "A1" Reciters, the publication of which Messrs. Stanley Paul have taken over.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.
The author of "The Tramping Methodist," recently published by Messrs. Bell.

The forthcoming publications of the Oxford University Press include "Stow's Survey of London," edited with an introduction and notes by C. L. Kingsford; "An Alabama Student, and other Biographical Essays," by William Osler; "The Renaissance and the Reformation," by E. M. Tanner; "The Moral System of Dante's 'Inferno,'" by W. H. V. Reade; and "The Physics of Earthquake Phenomena," by C. G. Knott.

One of the most important of the autumn publishing announcements is "The Panmure Papers," edited by Sir George Douglas, Bart., M.A., and Sir George Dalhousie Ramsay, C.B. The Papers comprise a selection of the correspondence of Fox Maule, second Baron Panmure, afterwards eleventh Earl of Dalhousie. Lord Panmure succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as Minister for War in February 1855, at the most critical moment of the war with Russia, and these letters of his written to Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Generals Simpson and Codrington, and others are, in effect, the secret history of the Crimean campaign. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing the book, which contains also a biography of Lord Panmure and other matter of unusual interest.

Mrs. Fred Reynolds, who has been caravanning through Cornwall, collecting material for a book she has in hand, publishes a new novel, "Love's Magic," with Messrs. Hurst & Blackett this autumn. It is a study of character affected by pre-natal influences.

Messrs. Dent have in preparation what will be the first complete English edition of Beethoven's letters. The letters have been translated by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, and are supplied with explanatory notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer and the translator. The volume will contain a photogravure frontispiece, many interesting portraits, and facsimiles of hitherto unpublished music, etc.

Messrs. Longmans are issuing a collection of the late Mr. Lecky's essays, including those on "Ireland in the Light of History," "Old Age Pensions," "Carlyle's Message to his Age," and "Queen Victoria as a Moral Force."

Early in October Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish some "Literary and Biographical Studies," by James Baker, the author of "John Westacott" and "The Gleaming Dawn." The book contains two important articles on the life and death of Queen Victoria at Osborne, and is rich in fresh and interesting details concerning many of the great writers of the Victorian era. Most of the articles have a strong personal touch, Mr. Baker having gathered the information embodied in them by

means of correspondence or conversations with the authors he writes of or with persons who were intimate with them.

Had Robert Louis Stevenson's life been prolonged it seems more than probable that we should have had among his works a Biography of George Brown, Missionary and Explorer. Dr. Brown lived for fifteen years in Samoa, and saw much of Stevenson, who expressed a strong desire to write the story of his life and work. Dr. Brown was more than willing that he should do this, but was still waiting for leisure to get together materials for the purpose when the novelist died. At length Dr. Brown has been induced to write his Autobiography and the narrative of his forty-eight years of travel and residence in Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, New Britain (where he landed when the natives were still wild, naked savages and cannibals), New Guinea, and the Solomon Islands. The book is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

From Mr. Eveleigh Nash we are to have "The English House," by W. Shaw Sparrow, an amply illustrated volume which aims at supplying, in an entirely practical manner, the means of distinguishing the style or period of any house without having recourse to architectural technicalities.

"The Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother," one of Mr. Murray's autumn publications, seems likely to attract a good deal of attention. Incidentally, it furnishes information that should be of value to any one who is thinking of going out to Canada, but its chief interest lies in its revelation of the experiences of a "remittance man," a too-often hapless creature who makes no progress and is ruined by a small income from home, because, instead of working, he spends his time in waiting for its periodical arrival.

Miss Helen Keller's autobiography, "The Story of my Life," was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a few years ago and has already gone through eight editions in England alone. Miss Keller, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, has written a new book, "The World I Live In," which the same publishers are about to bring out. It tells vividly and intimately her experiences in a world of silence and darkness where she lives apart and has no way of communicating with her fellow-mortals except by means of the sense of touch. The book is described as a pathetic and very remarkable human document.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. Keighley Snowden.**
Author of "The Life Class."

Mr. Keighley Snowden, whose new novel, "The Life Class," was issued the other day by Mr. Werner Laurie, began his career as a North Country journalist; he served on the staffs of the *Bradford Observer*, the *Birmingham Daily Post*, and the *Yorkshire Post*, and has for some time past been a prominent figure in London journalistic circles. His first work of fiction was a book of short stories, "Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds"; he has contributed largely to the magazines, and has written some half-dozen novels; in his latest, as in "Kate Bannister," he deals with problems that the woman worker has to face, and looks forward to handling in future books certain pressing social questions to which he is nowadays devoting most of his thought and labour.

"De Libris" is the title given to a book of prose and verse by Austin Dobson that Messrs. Macmillan have in hand for this autumn. The prose section includes essays on Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson, with reproductions of several of their characteristic illustrations.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein are publishing this month the third and final volume of "The Student's Text Book of Zoology," by Professor Adam Sedgwick.

Mr. G. D. Armour, of *Punch*, has done twenty-five drawings to illustrate certain chapters taken from Surtees' famous novel, "Handley Cross," which, with Mr. Armour's illustrations reproduced in colour, will be published before the hunting season by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the title of "Hunts with Jorrocks."

Barrister, journalist, critic, dramatist, essayist, Mr. Comyns Carr has for thirty or forty years past been a prominent figure in the Bohemian society of London and has been intimate with many of the most interesting and famous men of his time. In "Some Eminent Victorians," which Messrs. Duckworth are issuing, he has gathered up his personal recollections in the world of art and letters of the last half-century, and has much to tell of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Fred. Walker, Whistler, Irving, and other great men living and dead. The book will be illustrated with numerous portraits of celebrities, with drawings by Burne-Jones, and facsimiles of several hitherto unpublished letters.

Despite his many public engagements and the distraction of getting married, Mr. Winston Churchill has found time to revise his new work, "My African Journey," and to select the illustrations for it from amongst the numerous photographs he took whilst he was out in Africa, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have the book ready for immediate publication.

Photo by Edgar Salomon. **Mr. Robert Halifax.**
Author of "The Borderland."

Mr. Robert Halifax scored his first literary success as a winner of "Tit-Bits" prize competitions: a gold medal was offered to the writer who won a certain number of prizes for short stories, and this trophy was not long in falling to the bow and spear of Mr. Halifax. Thereafter, some three years ago, he published a striking novel of London low life, "The Drums of Fate," a vividly realistic study of a typical slum girl. The slums of London had a peculiar fascination for him; he haunted them by day and by night for many years; he believes in the novel with a purpose, and in "The Drums of Fate," and again in his new story, "The Borderland," he set himself to touch and shame the public conscience with a knowledge of the bare and ugly truth about the lives the poor live and the places in which they live them. He has not escaped the usual hard and heart-breaking struggle for recognition; he has had more than his share of ill-health and ill-luck. Since the publication of his first book he has contributed several sensational serials to the newspapers; but he has settled down again now to more serious work in a quiet cottage in Essex, and divides his time between his desk and his garden, with occasional excursions to town in quest of ideas and inspiration.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce for immediate publication "The Girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots," by Jane T. Stoddart. It is a narrative of the thirteen years, 1548 to 1561, spent by Mary at the French Court, and is based upon a careful study of contemporary letters, pamphlets, and diplomatic reports, and more especially on the correspondence of the Guises from 1538 to 1588.

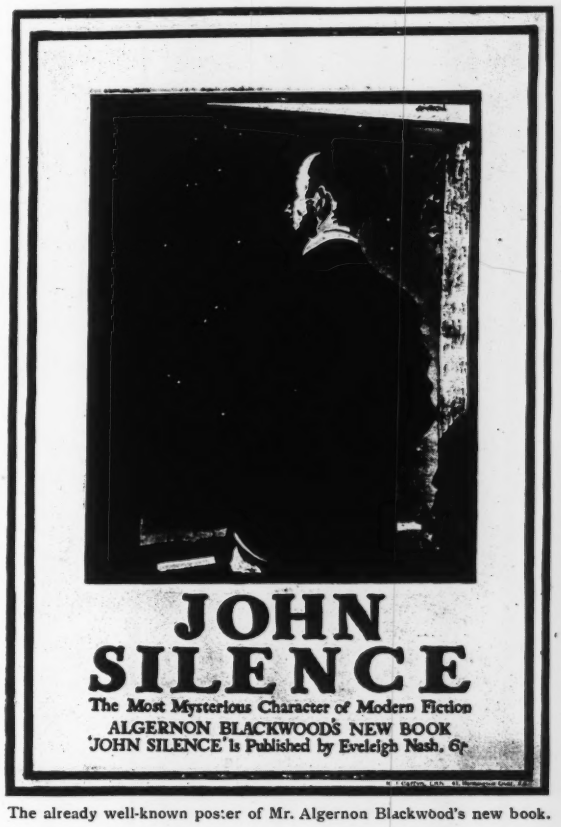
Mr. Eveleigh Nash is making something of a new departure in his method of advertising "John Silence," Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new novel. Going about the streets nowadays you can scarcely avoid seeing the name of the book and a striking presentment of its hero, the weird Psychic Doctor, turning his back on you on every hoarding you pass. One is reminded of the time—how many years ago is it?—when Mr. Arrowsmith was startling and puzzling London with his big yellow and black posters and their two inexplicable words, "Called Back"; or thinks of Mr. John Lane's hoarding advertisements of "The Quest of the Golden Girl"; but the latter was a small poster and the former was

not illustrated. To the advertisement of "John Silence" belongs the unique distinction of being the largest illustrated book poster that has ever appeared on the hoardings, at all events in this country.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month the two first volumes of "The Reader's Library," by W. J. Dawson and Coningsby Dawson. The plan of the series is to collect under generic titles (as Great Biographers, Great Essayists, etc.) the best examples from the various branches of English literature. Each volume will have a critical introduction, and biographies of the writers included will preface the specimens of their work—a blending of criticism and anthology that should satisfy the student and prove attractive to the general reader. Volumes 1 and 2 are devoted to "The Great English Letter Writers."

Mr. Watts-Dunton is one of the very few English poets who have a Continental reputation. Of late years an increasing interest in his poetry has been manifested in France, Germany, and Holland. Mr. Edward B. Koster, the eminent Dutch critic and student of gipsy life, recently published at The Hague a glowing appreciation of Mr. Watts-Dunton's prose and poetical work, eulogising the beauty and high imaginative qualities of that "chirikee-song" "The Coming of Love," and commenting on the significant circumstance that at a time when England was apparently interested only in its commercial and material triumphs so exquisite and spiritual a story as "Aylwin," with its fine idealism and wonderful atmosphere of romance, should yet take such hold on our practical generation as to become instantly one of the most popular of recent English novels.

Mr. J. B. Williams has written for Messrs. Longmans the story of the origin and progress of English newspapers, from their commencement to their culmination in the still existing official *Gazette*. He gives useful biographies of all the principal writers for the Press of those early years, most of them men who have long been forgotten, and supplements the record with a catalogue of periodicals published down to 1667—no light task when one considers that over three hundred different periodicals made their appearance during the period of the Civil Wars alone. The book, which will certainly fill a gap in the history of journalism in England, is to be issued shortly, with the title of "A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the *Gazette*."


JOHN
SILENCE
The Most Mysterious Character of Modern Fiction
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S NEW BOOK
'JOHN SILENCE' is Published by Eveleigh Nash, 6/-

The already well-known poster of Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new book.

A few years ago Mrs. Mackirdy, then Miss Olive Christian Malvery, made a sensational descent upon London as a lady journalist of the most up-to-date and enterprising description. She dressed as a workgirl and studied the life of factories and of slums and workhouses from the inside; she turned gutter-hawker and sold matches in the street; dressed for a new part and went into service as a "general" in a suburban villa, a "slavey" in a lodging-house, a lady's "lady" to a fashionable mistress. Some of these experiences went to the making of those impressively realistic books "The Soul Market" and "Thirteen Nights," and others of them are gathered into "The Family Skeleton," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month. The book throws a strong sidelight on domestic service, and makes some startling revelations that should be of even more interest to the mistress than to the maid.

Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox is probably the most popular of living poets here and in America; she is less known as a writer of prose, but has contributed a number of short stories and essays to the American magazines, and Messrs. Gay & Hancock are publishing this autumn "An Ambitious Man," the

longest story she has written. The same firm is adding three new volumes of Miss Wilcox's poems to their cheap and popular edition of her poetical works, and has also in readiness "The Ella Wheeler Wilcox Autograph Book," a dainty volume that allows a blank page for each day of the year and gives at the top of each page a quotation of four to six lines from her poems.

Messrs. Longmans are shortly to publish "Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth," edited by their niece, Margaret J. Shaen, a book that will appeal to all who are interested in the religious life of the 'fifties and 'sixties. Catherine, the younger sister, is the better known of the two. She was the translator of the famous "Lyra Germanica" collection of hymns, the first series of which appeared in 1855. The best-known work of Susanna Winkworth is her translation of the "Theologia Germanica," for which Charles Kingsley wrote a preface. The "Memorials" that Miss Shaen is editing consist mainly of letters from the sisters, in which they reveal the literary and religious interests of their lives, and of letters to them, giving glimpses of divers notable contemporaries, from such friends as James Martineau, Denison Maurice, Charlotte Brontë, Mazzini, and others.

Mr. A. R. Waller, M.A., has prepared and is editing a selection of characters and passages from the note books of Samuel Butler which the Cambridge University Press is issuing shortly in the "Cambridge English Classics" series.

An important new biography that will particularly appeal to students of music is a "Life of Bach," by Sir Hubert Parry, which Messrs. Putnam will publish towards the end of the year.

Another book that throws a good deal of light on the character of Napoleon is the "Memoirs of Comte de Rambuteau," which Messrs. Dent announce. Rambuteau was Napoleon's Chamberlain, and in these memoirs of his he gives a vivacious and interesting record of the business and amusements of the Imperial Court.

Mr. H. G. Wells.
Whose new novel, "The War in the Air," Messrs. Bell will publish on October 22.

Four new books to be included this month in "Newnes's Shilling Cloth Novels" are E. F. Benson's sensationally successful "Dodo"; "The Pride of Jennico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "Red Pottage," by Mary Cholmondeley; and "David Baring," by Joseph Hocking.

Mr. Andrew Lang has finished the revision of his study of Jeanne d'Arc, and the book will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans under the title of "The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc." Many important documents have become accessible since the appearance of Mr. Lowell's "Joan of Arc" twelve years ago, and Mr. Lang has been able to clear up certain hitherto obscure points in the Maid's history, and refutes many of the insinuations that have been made against her greatness and her intelligence.

A new and comprehensive history of British and Foreign Arms and Armour has been completed by Mr. Charles Henry Ashdown for Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack. It is illustrated with some three hundred plates and engravings of brasses, effigies, illuminated MSS., etc., and from the arms and armour preserved in the British Museum, the Tower of London, the Wallace and various other public and private collections.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Severn for kindly permitting us to reproduce Ruskin's water-colour portrait of himself for one of our presentation plates; and to Mr. E. T. Cook, Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C., and Messrs. George Allen & Sons for the generous assistance they have given us with the Ruskin illustrations in general, and for permission to make use of photographs and original drawings; and to the Ruskin College authorities for allowing us to reproduce the caricature of Ruskin as a roadmaker and the photograph of the students. For the use of several of the other illustrations and portraits in this number our acknowledgments are due to Miss Bertha Synge, to Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Messrs. Longmans, Messrs. Bell & Sons, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and Messrs. Jack.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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XUM

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of outworn quotations such as "The cup that cheers," "Like the curate's egg, good in parts," etc.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to Miss DORA MAW, 57, Wellington Road, Heaton Chapel, for the following:

THE SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM RE-STATED. BY G. G. GREENWOOD.

"This gentleman will out-talk us all."
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew.*

Among the best of the numerous other quotations submitted are:

A SET OF SIX. BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

"The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate."—*The Tempest.*

(T. W. Lawe, 11, Stevenson Drive, Langside, Glasgow.)

THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS. BY ANATOLE FRANCE.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

(Miss E. Bullock, Hillesden, Congleton.)

ASSISI OF ST. FRANCIS: A HISTORY. BY MRS. R. GOFF. 42s. net.

"Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing."
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* lxxxvi.

(E. K. Forrest, 35, Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool, S.)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS. BY ATHOL and THOMAS JOYCE.

"Who think too little, and who talk too much."—DRYDEN.

(Miss M. Kate Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE BLOTTING BOOK. BY E. F. BENSON.

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

(E. Ward, 80, King Street, Southsea.)

A MISTAKEN MARRIAGE. BY F. E. MILLS YOUNG.

"An elderly person—a prophet by trade—
With his quips and tips,
On withered old lips,
He married a young and a beautiful maid.
The cunning old blade!
Though rather decayed,
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Miss Kathlyn Rhodes, 19, Royal Avenue, Scarborough.)

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN GEOLOGY. BY E. S. GREW.

"I babble on the pebbles."—TENNYSON, *The Brook.*

(M. M. Nicholson, 24, Promenade, Bridlington.)

IN THE STARLIGHT. BY ELIZABETH GIBSON.

"Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
But frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, 'No go!'
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—'Drat that cat!'"
THOMAS HOOD.

(E. Wilkie, 3, Nyanza Terrace, Swansea.)

II.—It has been very difficult to decide upon this competition. Several of the papers sent in gave one and some of them two quotations better than either of those in the winner's list, but as a whole the best set of three quotations in verse or prose in which an author makes reference to his hobby or diversion is certainly the following, for which the prize of THREE NEW NOVELS is awarded to MISS MARGARET A. M. MACALISTER, of Torrisdale, Cambridge.

1. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. (Gardening.)

"The most exquisite delights of sense are pursued, in the contrivance and plantation of gardens; which, with fruits, flowers, shades, fountains and the music of birds that frequent such happy places, seem to furnish all the pleasures of the several senses, and with the greatest, or at least the most natural perfection."—*Essays.*

2. ROBERT SOUTHEY. (Book-Collecting.)

"'Why, Montesinos, with those books and the delight you take in their constant society, what have you to covet or desire?' 'Nothing . . . except more books.'"—*Sir Thomas More: or Colloquies on Society.*

3. SAMUEL PEPYS. (Music.)

"Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in, I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her, which I acknowledge, but it is because that the girl do take music mighty readily, and she do not, and music is the thing of all the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take."—*Diary*, July 30, 1666.

Very good lists have also been received from Lucy Bellows (Walden), D. Ince Jones (Harpenden), Winifred M. Gloster (Monskstown), A. Whitehead (Leeds), C. Cutting (Putney), A. R. Williams (Denbigh), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Arthur E. Price (Cardiff), B. O. Andrews (Scarborough), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to EDWARD M. LAYTON, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E., for the following:

A MAN OF GENIUS. By M. P. WILLCOCKS. (John Lane.)

Miss Willcocks has written a good story, which by liberal pruning might have been made a much better one. Her style is careful; her pages give forth a suggestion of the fine melodies that hang like an odour about the sentences of the masters; but she lacks the restraint of a true artist. Her descriptive powers are too much in evidence, and her characters commit the fatal sin of talking themselves tedious. These defects, and a tendency to write about the principal characters, have gone some way towards spoiling a really interesting narrative.

The best of the other reviews submitted are:

THE LORE OF THE HONEY BEE. By TICKNER EDWARDS. (Methuen.)

Maurice Maeterlinck by his "Life of the Bee" has made it difficult for his successors to write an acceptable treatise on the bee, but Mr. Edwards not only approaches very closely to the Belgian writer's literary excellence, but surpasses him in the practical information which he displays. Indeed, were it not for an unfortunate disposition to extol the bee into an exemplar for humanity, the book would take its place as the standard English work on the subject. The book is a fascinating one, and will appeal to the reader whether he be a bee-lover or merely a lover of beautiful language.

(Adam Miller, 45, Brudenell Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.)

GILBERT HERMER: THE MEMORY OF A MAN, HIS WAYS AND HIS WORDS. By CHARLES MASEFIELD. (Blackwood.)

This is the simple presentment of a life, uncoloured by thrilling situation or curious chance. It appeals to the reader as being so possible and yet touched with a grandeur and pathos which is seldom revealed in real life. The subject is a retired doctor, whose rich personality diffuses poetry throughout the story; his old servant and other well-drawn Staffordshire characters supply a note of humour. Gilbert Hermer's heroic optimism and the original cast of his mind should endear him to every reader, but especially to those who value thought and character in a book more highly than sensation.

(Miss Muriel Bussell, Wisteria, Zetland Road, Malvern.)

THE VIRGIN IN JUDGMENT. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Cassell.)

In this delightful book Mr. Phillpotts has scored a success which is more than clever or brilliant. Every chapter that leads up to the tragic ending is planned with consummate skill; the characters unfold themselves with a perfectly natural effect—serious and gay, reflective and thoughtless in turn. Thomas Hardy has never drawn a more delightful group of peasants than Simon Snell, Screech, Shillabeer and their friends, while Bartley is splendidly conceived, a living, amazing, lovable creation; and behind all broods the spirit of the great tors. It is, without doubt, among the author's finest work, second only to "The Secret Woman."

(Geo. Greenwood, 131, Ferndale Road, Clapham, S.W.)

"ARTHUR'S." By A. NEIL LYONS. (John Lane.)

In this collection of sketches—the book can scarcely be called a novel—the author presents a series of life-like portraits of the whimsical personalities who nightly congregate round "Arthur's" coffee-stall. Most of the habitués are pitiful human derelicts, whose tragic histories draw tears to the eyes. The background is necessarily a gloomy one, but flashing across it, like lightning over a dark sky, are some very real and vivid gleams of humour. The book is hardly one to appeal to lovers of "light fiction," but as a faithful study of the "seamy side" of life it is conspicuously successful.

(Evelyn Campbell-Collins, St. Antholius House, 15, Queen Street, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.)

THE DIARY OF A LOOKER-ON. By C. LEWIS HIND. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This book is replete with terse, delightful phrases which lurk round unexpected corners, and make one stay to question: "Do I agree with that?" Hence, being conducive to thought, it is stimulating; it is also informed throughout with that strange, magical light that is shed by the thing which we name "poetic vision"; and if occasionally the purple is too heavily laid on—well, one can always turn to another entry in the diary, and assimilate the pill of education in a jam which is composed of quite a number of things—music, pictures, and the human comedy dominating all!

(Miss B. M. Terry, 374, Brixton Road, S.W.)

Some of the competitors omitted to give names of authors and publishers of books they reviewed; some exceeded the hundred words limit—one indeed ran to close on a thousand words. From amongst the large number of good reviews sent in, we select for special commendation those submitted by the Rev. G. M. Y. Hickey (Cheshire), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Gertrude Leslie (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Helen Smythe (Notting Hill, W.), M. C. Jobson (Harrogate), Miss F. S. Alexander (Highbury, N.), C. L. Arden (Yoxall), A. R. Williams (Denbigh), Mrs. Bramwell (Cheltenham), Gertrude Pitt (Gloucester Gate, N.W.), M. R. Ridley (Clifton), and Miss Godley (Dublin).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to MISS GERTRUDE PITT, 15, Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

OCTOBER, 1908.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. HAROLD BINDLOSS.

MOST of us have met the man who has roamed over the world with his eyes open, and found himself at grips, here and there, with the big, elemental things. Sometimes he will talk, sometimes not. On the rare occasions when he is moved to write about his experiences he usually becomes interesting. Mr. Harold Bindloss is a case in point. In early manhood the wander-thirst drew him to the New World, to Canada first, ranching, prospecting, wood-cutting, losing himself in the bush on the Pacific Slope, then to sea in crazy cattle-boats, in merchant-ships to Africa, up into the mysterious mangrove swamps of the Congo. A time of service on Spanish boats, a long period spent in and about the Canaries, and more seafaring in various capacities, hardly served to satisfy his vagrant instinct. Twelve years ago Mr. Bindloss came back to England and sat down, as it were, to describe everything that he had seen. It was almost by chance that he discovered his own abilities in this direction. "I took to literature," he told me, "by accident, and at a time when I was broken up by malaria and couldn't find anything else to do."

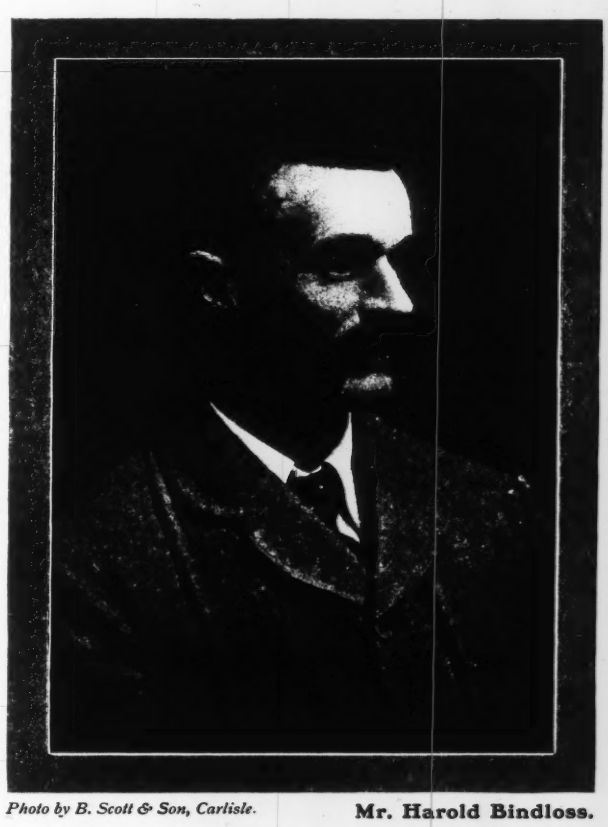


Photo by B. Scott & Son, Carlisle.

Mr. Harold Bindloss.

He was born, nearly forty-two years ago, in Liverpool, and received the ordinary middle-class private school education. This training was, he thinks, in his case rather worse than usual. There were but two periods in those early years in which he remembers being taught anything worth knowing. He read for a year with a clergyman of the Church of England, an old man deeply imbued with the philosophy of Carlyle, whose teaching left a lasting impression on the growing character of his charge. The only other time during the school period in which he learnt anything of value was, he declares, an interim of six weeks spent in a Liverpool Board School. At sixteen he started in life, and was not a little astonished to find that he knew virtually nothing. To make up for lost opportunities he began to attend night classes of all kinds. He thus acquired a smattering of several languages, some knowledge of mechanics and chemistry, and a nodding acquaintance with all the other subjects that such institutions profess to afford instruction in at moderate fees. It was a fortunate inclination that led Mr. Bindloss to acquire proficiency in the arts of carpentry and boat-building. On many a night in winter he would forfeit hours of sleep to patch up an old boat by the light of a bicycle lamp beneath a tarpaulin.

His first experience of a man's work was in the steel export trade, and it became part of his duty to go round the big steel mills, testing and inspecting. This work went on till, as he says, "McKinley's American Tariff came and knocked the bottom out of that trade." He lost his job, as a wise Providence meant that he should, and went to Canada. He joined two partners on a ranch, but their first season's yield was a bad one, and an involuntary dissolution of partnership was the result. There is a good picture of these years in a little book of his, "A Wide Dominion," published by Unwin as one of the "Overseas Series" in 1899. Than this little volume, nothing written by its author pleases me better. It shows none of the characteristics of fine writing, saving only simplicity and vividness. Mr. Bindloss has put before himself as his chief object the portrayal of the rougher side of active open-air life as it really is, a simple task perhaps, but one well worth the doing. "A Wide Dominion" relates the experiences of a young colonial, a green hand, a new chum, a raw Britisher, but as such it is alive, refreshing, convincing. When the ranch failed, Mr. Bindloss wandered about Western Canada, doing odd jobs at boat-mending, harvesting, and wood-cutting. He came back to England in a leaky cattle-boat, rushing for twelve days before a north-east gale that washed away the Liverpool doctor. That brief voyage was an education in itself, but not one to induce Mr. Bindloss to forsake a sailor's life. Almost as soon as he reached Liverpool he shipped aboard a Spanish steamer as purser. It was after this that he visited the Canaries, subsequently working on an African line of steamships, and spending some years as secretary of a Royal Yacht Club.

Much of his life has passed, as he puts it, "in getting more or less knocked about the world," in some doubt as to the possible existence of a next meal. The man who wanders the world over, seeing and doing things, gets quite a lot out of life, everything in fact but money, and of this it would seem that he generally gathers very little indeed. Mr. Bindloss was no exception. He was always wondering, he says, where the next few shillings were coming from. From somewhere, and somehow, they generally did come. "I always just managed to earn them," he says, "by some kind of very hard work."

In a life full of incident and change he has had but few adventures, in the popular sense of that term. He has indeed been several times upset out of boats, and even shot at. Only once did a more serious thing happen, at least it seemed far more serious to him at the time. It fell to his lot to have to follow a trail through the bush in Western Canada for three days. During the whole time he never tasted food. Also it rained continuously. Such tales bring the rougher side of the pioneer's life home to one with a vengeance. Looking back on those years, Mr. Bindloss has a pleasant remembrance of the many kindnesses he received on his journeyings up and down the world. Mostly, he says, they were from colonial wood-cutters and road-makers, from sailsmen, and Bohemians a little outside the pale of civilisation. It somehow happened that he failed very often to get on well with prosperous and conventional folk. Generally, he says, he was too hard up to see much of such people. I think he lost but little. Sleekness, smugness, and conventionality generally have but little in common with the pioneering spirit. It is from contact with the men who make roads and till the ground that one benefits. The villains of Mr. Bindloss's stories sit in their city offices and scheme to snatch the profits of those who have laboured with their hands to open up new countries, to drive highways through the primæval forest, to locate the mineral riches that Nature has hidden for centuries in her mountains and rocks. This, I think, is typical of Mr. Bindloss and his attitude.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark of Mr. Bindloss that he never had an office and never floated a company. Of his first essays as a writer I have spoken already. He staked his last month's supplies, he says, on a batch of short sea and colonial stories and sketches, and most of them he was fortunate enough to place immediately. From that time until he was well established, "I went on living," he told me, "in the very grimmest fashion, without a fire in winter and generally with about sixpence in hand." By degrees he worked up a connection with various magazines and papers. By natural stages he proceeded to the writing of novels, work that has engrossed most of the twelve years he has spent in the country since his return to England. That he is still a believer in the doctrine of hard work is denoted by the lengthy list of works to his credit. "In the Niger Country," a careful record of travel and observation published by Blackwood in 1898, was his first book. Then came "A Wide Dominion," and afterwards a string of novels: "Ainslie's Ju-ju," published by Chatto in 1900, and "A Sower of Wheat" from the same firm in the following year; "Sunshine and Snow" with Partridge, and "The Concession-Hunters" with Chatto, in 1902; in 1903 "His Master Purpose" (Long) and "The Mistress of Bonaventure" (Chatto); "Daventry's Daughter" (Chatto) and "The League of the Leopard" (Long), in 1904, with "True Grit," a boys' story, published by Partridge; "Alton of Somasco" (Long), "In the Misty Seas," a tale of Behring Strait (Partridge), and "The Impostor" (White), in 1905; "Beneath Her Station" and "A Damaged Reputation" (White), and "The Cattle Baron's Daughter" (Long), in 1906; "His Lady's Pleasure" (White), "Delilah of the Snows" and "The Dust of Conflict" (Long), in 1907. This year we have had "By Right of Purchase" (Long) and "The Liberationist" (Ward, Lock).

His one distraction from work has been the patching up of old boats, and the subsequent sailing of them. In his work he has sought to refrain from any discussion of matters about which he has little or no knowledge. Of his positive endeavour, the picturing of the active open-air life, I have already made mention. If one might express a wish as to his future performances, it would be that he should give fiction a rest for once, and produce another book like "A Wide Dominion." Perhaps he will, for he has not finished writing yet.

THE READER.

RUSKIN—EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

THE LIBRARY EDITION OF RUSKIN.*

By W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.

ONLY two volumes remain to be published of the magnificent Library Edition of John Ruskin's works. These will make up thirty-seven noble books. It is impossible for us to calculate the total extent of Ruskin's work, as the volumes vary in size. But the conjecture may be hazarded that measured by quantity, Ruskin is ahead of any other among English classics. It may also be said that the volumes are unsurpassed in the care and scholarship with which they have been edited. Even Dr. Birkbeck Hill must yield the palm to Mr. E. T. Cook. In some respects Mr. Cook's work has been even more laborious than that of Dr. Hill, though his path has been smoothed for him by the labours of others, and notably by those of Mr. Wise. He has had much to do in searching periodicals and fugitive writings of all sorts. The work has been done so well that at present we are not able to indicate a single error or a single omission. As yet we have not received the two volumes of letters. In these we hope Mr. Cook will not repeat the error of "Igdrasil" in leaving out important passages. We refer especially to the references made by Ruskin to his wife in the letters to Miss Mitford. All these are erased in "Igdrasil," but ought to find a place in the permanent edition. For example, Ruskin writes on Good Friday, 1853, from Keswick: "But my purpose was variously stayed, chiefly, as I remember, by the events on the Continent, fraught to me with very great disappointment, and casting me into a depression and fever of spirit, which, joined with some other circumstances nearer home, have, until now that I am resting [with my kind wife] among these quiet hills, denied me the heart to write cheerfully to those very dear friends to whom I would fain never write sadly."

John Ruskin.
From the drawing by George Richmond.

Again: "But you are better and the spring is come [and I hope, for I am sure you will allow me, to bring my young wife to be rejoiced (under the shadow of her new and grievous lot) by your kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or she will certainly lose her wits with pure delight, or perhaps insist on staying with you and letting me finding [sic] my way through the world by myself, a task which I should not *now* like to undertake.] I should be very, very happy just now but for these wild storm-clouds bursting on my dear Italy and my fair France, my occupation gone, and all my earthly treasures (except [the one I have just acquired and] the everlasting Alps) periled amidst 'the tumult of the people,' the 'imagining of vain things.'" Again: ["My wife begs me to return her sincere thanks for your kind message, and to express to you the delight with which she looks forward to being presented to you, remembering what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that, whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends, whom she would have every cause to love and to honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them."] Once more: ["I ought to tell you that we have sent cards to no one, or most certainly this formality would not have been omitted with Miss Mitford."]

I can supplement slightly Mr. Cook's collection of scraps. Ruskin was asked by the *British Weekly* in 1887 to write on a postcard the names of a few books which had chiefly influenced him. Mr. Gladstone had previously written a postcard which was enclosed with the request and a cheque was sent for three guineas. Mr. Ruskin wrote:

"*May* 14, 1887.

"I am always ready to do a good three guineas' worth of work—if anybody will be so good as to ask me for it—but I fear that I should have to charge you more for reading one of

* "The Works of John Ruskin." Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. (Allen.)

Ruskin's Mother and Father.
From the portraits by James Northcote, R.A.

Mr. Gladstone's letters. You have luckily left it out of your note." Then follows the letter as printed. The conclusion was: "I think this is a fair two guineas' worth of information. You shall have an explanatory third guineas' worth if you tell me what you'd like explained."

The second letter is printed in full. I may also quote a letter in my possession to Mr. Jowett of Aylesbury, Ruskin's printer. It is written from Brantwood, May 9, 1889, and is as follows:

"Dear Jowett,

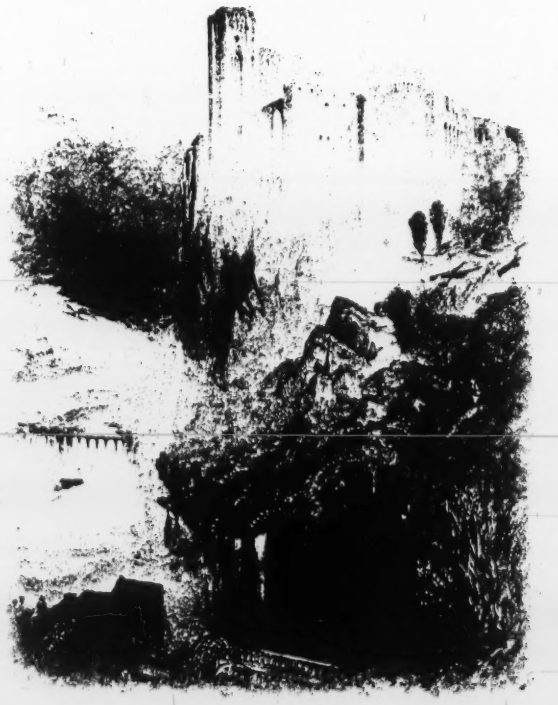
I am so very glad to have your note, and so very grateful to you for your expedition. Miss Alexander will be happy, too, and some other people will be in seeing this new number of Christ's Folk. And I have good hope now of advance with Præterita also—but must be extremely cautious.—However, I've written this without spectacles and see colour as well as I used to do—so that I'm not going to give myself up for a piece of Præterita altogether.

Ever affectionately yours."

The publishers have done their part with conscientious thoroughness, lavish liberality, and excellent taste. One cannot be sufficiently grateful to them for the noble array of illustrations, for the clearness of the type, and for the general soundness which marks all their work.

Dipping into these great treasure-houses here and there it is impossible not to feel that the strength and the weakness of Ruskin are to be found in his enthusiasm. This enthusiasm often passes into fever, and at times into raging fever. A recent critic has very justly remarked that we disagree with Ruskin as we disagree with a friend gone wrong, a friend who has suggested more than he has fulfilled. But Ruskin has gained great victories, and in important matters the flowing tide is with him. It is probable that he will be appreciated by the coming generations even more than he has been valued by the present. In any case his position is with the supreme masters of English prose, and he will never be read to more advantage than in this splendid and magnificent edition.

The Aiguille du Dru



Amboise (1841)

From drawings by John Ruskin

RUSKIN'S POSITION IN THE WORLD OF ART.

By M. H. Spielmann.

WHAT, I am asked, is the position of Ruskin to-day? Has his influence in the world of art increased or diminished during the eight years that have elapsed since his death? Well, but—his influence, with whom? For Ruskin appealed to two publics, two great incompatible constituencies: the artists—students, painters, sculptors, and architects; and the general cultivated or cultivable public. It was his triumph for a long series of years that he held them both; that he swayed architects towards Gothic against their natural bent, and painters towards Pre-Raphaelitism and naturalism against their habits and practice; while he turned the public attention to art, partly by the essential truths he told of it, partly by dwelling on the emotional, spiritual, religious, and scientific sides of it, thus interesting a vast crowd who would not have been attracted and gripped, as they were, by any synthetic disquisition on æsthetics or theory of art.

It may be assumed, without discussion, that Ruskin's reputation as a man of letters remains where it was—and where it will continue to remain. That proposition, I think, is not contested. The vast sale of copyright, non-copyright, and pirated editions settles the point of popularity pretty conclusively, and if a seal needs be set on it, we may point to the superb Library Edition—a noble monument not only to Ruskin's genius, but to Mr. E. T. Cook's amazing editorial capacity—which is a noteworthy commercial success. That circumstance is remarkable enough in itself. It is to be expected that as long as we retain the love of literature and as long as we appreciate a pure and noble style, so long will Ruskin maintain his position as a literary artist. Whether we prefer the torrential and burning eloquence of his younger days, glowing with colour, studded with gems of diction, convincing through passionate pleading or sweet persuasiveness; or whether we esteem him for his later style, when, shocked and humiliated to find that people read and applauded him not for what he said but how he said it, and that they were carried away not by his statements and his reasoning, but by his raptures, he closed down his jewel-mine of words and phrases, and gave himself over to the utmost simplicity of word and expression—[he told me that he was once surprised and gratified to find that he had written a page and a half in words of one syllable, I think in "Our Fathers have Told Us"]—we still feel that he is one of our truest makers of literature, even when he is colloquial in manner, and we do not quarrel with the critic who declared that his place as a writer of English is beside Jeremy Taylor. As a writer, Ruskin will never grow out of date.

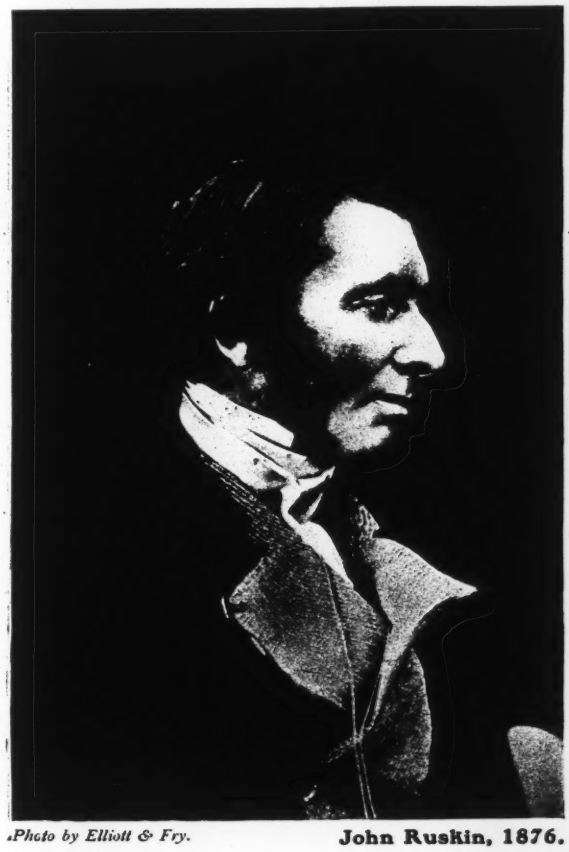


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **John Ruskin, 1876.**

As regards his art criticism, broadly speaking, Ruskin's position has changed—or, rather, his name has been somewhat tarnished, if only for a time. For it is greatly a question of his name, not of his work. As I shall presently show, certain of his chief art theories are precisely those which animate the "modern" artist, who, as a rule, is sublimely unconscious that in his modernism he is blindly acting on the teaching of the repudiated sage of Coniston. Ruskin has been written down, among a coterie, rather than thought or argued down, and certain unfortunate phrases, self-contradictions, and limitations of personal taste have been used against him as a battering-ram, and he has been denounced as old-fashioned—that most damaging and injurious of all charges. His dislike of the uninspired and often debased and degraded subjects of the seventeenth and eighteenth century school of Holland (like Michael Angelo's dislike of the Flemish), and his indifference to the genius and methods of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Constable, not for themselves, but by reason of their neglect of certain principles he held to be essential—these are among the offences which provide one of the levers with which it has been sought to overturn him from his pedestal. It is, I believe, the fact that if Whistler had not sent to the Grosvenor Gallery certain pictures lacking certain qualities, and had they not been attacked by Ruskin, with the result that Whistler *versus* Ruskin awoke the artist

From an oil-painting by James Northcote, R.A. **Portrait of Ruskin at the age of 3½ years.**

to action and brought to his camp certain young men to whom he talked and then spurred to "get on" to certain papers as art critics—or sought to secure the support of others already at their posts—we should have heard vastly less of the falsity of Ruskin's outlook and of the out-of-dateness of his art criticism.

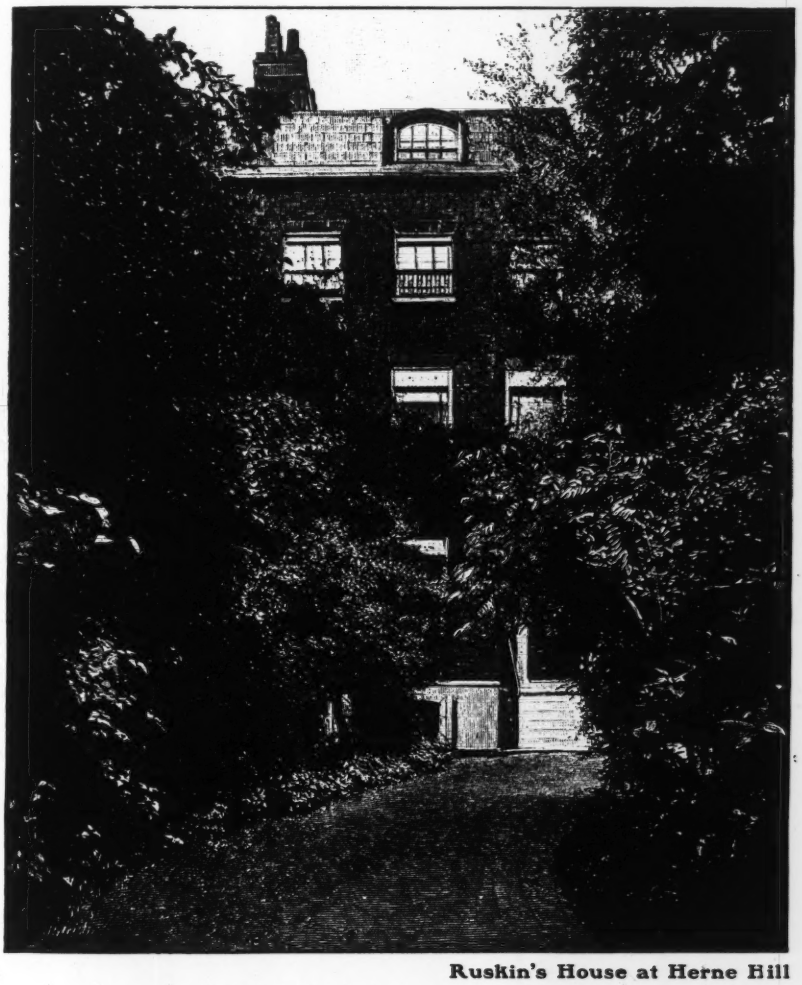
By the general public the function of art criticism is curiously misunderstood and its scope is greatly under-estimated. It is commonly supposed to mean the writing of newspaper articles dealing with the works in the picture exhibitions, and the expression of an opinion as to the excellence or otherwise of the more noteworthy canvases. To the philosophy as well as the science of technique, little heed is given; of the relation of art to life and its attendant problems, together with all the considerations which have called into being the "Arts and Crafts"—of the sociological value of art and its relation to morality and spirituality, that is to say, the social function of art—little is considered; these points, from the artistic morality of the painter, sculptor, and architect down to the everyday politics of the world of art, all come within the purview of the art critic, whose attitude towards them must be governed by well-defined principles based upon wide knowledge, sympathy, and philosophical understanding. Basing himself upon the theories that were the outcome of his reasoning, Ruskin perforce attacked the work of whole bodies of artists, living and dead. The dead might be championed by whosoever pleased to enter the lists; the living artists criticised, unconvincingly but effectively retorted that "Ruskin doesn't know what he's talking about," and, repeating the dictum in the schools, brought up generations of students in the same belief. These students, and the readers of the newspapers referred to, knew little of the processes of Ruskin's reasoning—they knew less that his teaching contained the very rock-basis of some of the leading art-movements of the present day which they fondly imagine are "new"—while Ruskin is "old-fashioned." That is why I said that his name is tarnished "for a time." For when the strife in respect to the minor matter of Whistler and his manœuvres is forgotten (I am here expressing no opinion against his art) it will be recognised that Ruskin busied himself with the eternal truths of art and life, and it will be seen that he dealt with questions that animate the later schools and taught the very principles that those who have been misled into the bitterest

From an oil-painting by James Northcote, R.A. **Ruskin, 1824.**

Study for a classical subject, "Thorn in the Foot."

Portrait of Miss Rose la Touche (1874)

From a drawing by John Ruskin



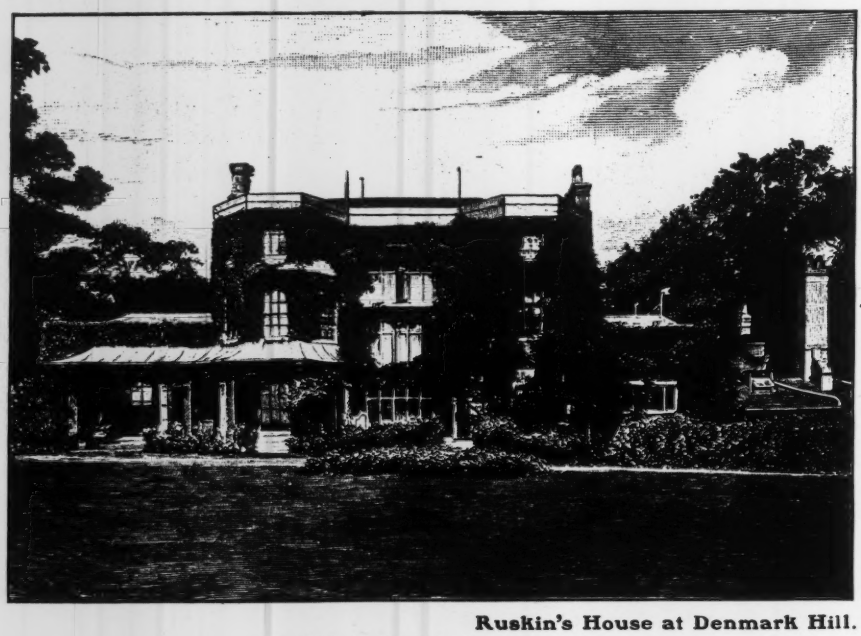
Ruskin's House at Herne Hill

Where with his father and mother he went to live in 1823.

denunciation of him are successfully practising, as they think, in opposition to what he preached. Let me explain. It was Ruskin who first outlined the subdivision of colours—one of the leading sectional teachings of Impressionism—that is to say, the most recent innovations in the technique of painting—who insisted on the collaboration or identity of the artist and the craftsman, and on the social function of art; the latest movement in decorative art; and the aim of contemporary (non-professional) criticism to delimit the inter-relation of art and life. Of course, there is little in the last-named section to interest the "artist" who paints only to sell; but the first two lie at the very heart of artistic endeavour. All this was very clearly set forth by M. Robert de la Sizeranne on the morrow of Ruskin's death

It will therefore be news to many of the students of to-day, and perhaps, too, to not a few of those able writers who have been seeking to undermine Ruskin's influence, that "the Master," as his adherents loved to call him, not only understood clearly, but set forth with all the eloquent persuasiveness possible to him, those tendencies in the art of to-day which we recognise as among the newest. It was in 1856 that Ruskin wrote the words which later on were adopted and proclaimed by Manet, Monet, and the later *luministes* and *pointillistes*, who none of them suspected that it was old-fashioned Ruskin who first preached them. In his "Elements of Drawing" you will find, he says, that it is better to consider all Nature as a mosaic of different colours, and gives detailed instructions how to proceed, urging the painter to practise the production of mixed tints by interlaced touches of the pure colours out of which they are formed; and it was he who first pointed out that in certain conditions shadows in intense sunlight are purple. "Go to Nature, go to Nature," he preached while studio conventions were still the rule, and he taught that men should paint "to the very last touch" in the open air (since called *plein-airisme* by his scornful critics) as the only hope of the landscape-painter and the painter of open-air scenes. And many years before, as long ago as 1846, he explained that extreme tints and pure colour should only exist on points. Thus, in details of technique, afterwards adopted by the greatest of the "reformers," Ruskin was the pioneer, and his teaching triumphs while his influence is indubitably considered to have waned, and he is the despised of certain men who indirectly have benefited most from his writings and his theories.

Similarly, it was John Ruskin who declared that no man could be an artist-artificer who was not also an artisan—a workman. To the misfortune, induced by the trade unions, that the designer was no longer the maker Ruskin first called attention, and laid it down that no work can contain the breath of life, such as we marvel at and applaud in even the most archaic productions of mediæval times, unless designer and maker are one. Then arose William Morris and his friend Walter Crane, and the "Arts and Crafts" movement was the direct result—a movement that has spread over the civilised world, and in spite of many exaggerations and extremes and absurdities born of the new enthusiasm, has rejuvenated the art-craftsmanship of to-day. I remember that during the Liverpool Art Congress of 1888 a speaker denounced Ruskin for having by his teaching kept art back in this country; whereupon William Morris sprang to his feet, and with indignation qualified by contempt exclaimed: "Ruskin kept art back? I say that Ruskin is the one man who has made art possible in England!" The point need not be laboured. But read "The Elements of Drawing," "Aratra Pentelici,"



Ruskin's House at Denmark Hill.
To which the Ruskin family moved in 1843.

the "Lectures on Art," and "Ariadne Florentina," and then say if you think Ruskin is out of date. You will find them a strange antidote to "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice," to which students usually confine their reading. As M. de la Sizeranne neatly put it: "If we wished to write a summary of the newest and boldest theories of our rising artists, we need only copy certain pages written by the hand now cold."

One of the main reasons for the turning from Ruskin of the artist-student (apart from the great writer's unforgivable popularity) is the teaching he opposed to the cry of "Art for Art's Sake," substituting for it "Art for Man's Sake." As he had insisted that the artist should identify himself with his material and work in it; as he had declared that an artist should be painter, architect, and sculptor, too, like the great fourteenth-century group of Italian masters ["I know only one art," said Alfred Stevens, who himself practised all]; so he insisted that the artist had responsibilities towards life and his fellow-men, through his art, without which he was only a craftsman and not an artist. He did not ask that art must go to the extreme of being didactic; but he did applaud a picture "with a purpose," so long as it was a pictural purpose—a definition as to which, no doubt, opinions may greatly differ. No wonder that Whistler, whose views were diametrically opposed and whose capacities of intellect were strictly limited, kicked at the theory and was followed by his disciples who probably had never read a line of Ruskin, except the libel. Ruskin demanded that the artist should not only think artistically, but think "rightly," and that, just as the poet must not be content with only pleasing measure and ear-caressing rhyme, but give us thoughts and fancies too, so the artist must justify his place in the scheme of life, and satisfy all the spectator's desires and all the capabilities of art itself rather than leave the better part of them unemployed. Otherwise the result would be but Dead Sea fruit. It was not "morality" he asked for, but intellectuality, intelligence as well as technique, poetry of thought as well as of presentation, so that the result might be a work of art—the production of heart and brain—as well as a mere *bibelot*. In short, that painting does not begin and end with the painter's brushes and palette.

Art criticism of to-day differs strangely from what it was only a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was addressed to the public; to-day it is written with one eye on the painter, and technique is looked at rather than the picture as a whole. That, at least, is the impression that is derived from some of the ablest commentary that is published. "The paint's the thing" is the modern method. "The art and thought's the thing" was the principle on which Ruskin went. Ruskin, who had more of the scientist in him than any critic of to-day, is now voted too unscientific for consideration, or at any rate for sympathy. Materialism has invaded the

Photo by Abraham, Keswick.

Brantwood, Ruskin's House at Coniston.

critical world as every other, and "Ruskin is old-fashioned." That is to say, his name has lost its influence, while his theories have become more and more firmly established and more and more emphatically the basis of the art of to-day.

Such is the situation in art circles. Beyond them, the case is different, although no doubt the open sniffing at Ruskin's name within the said circles has attracted some attention outside. But the intellectual world generally is still deeply interested in his personality, his teaching, his writing, and his art. As a public lecturer on Ruskin, his achievement and his limitations, I have had abundant opportunity for observing the powerful attraction of his name, the profound interest in his work, and the admiration for his teaching and the reverence for his pre-eminence. From that point of view his influence has not diminished, for, like Dickens, he touched the heart of his hearers, and so like Dickens he will survive in the esteem and affection of that larger public, that larger audience, to whom he mainly addressed himself and for whose advantage he laboured during a fruitful half-century of art teaching, and art practice too.

John Ruskin.

JOHN RUSKIN AS SOCIAL REFORMER.

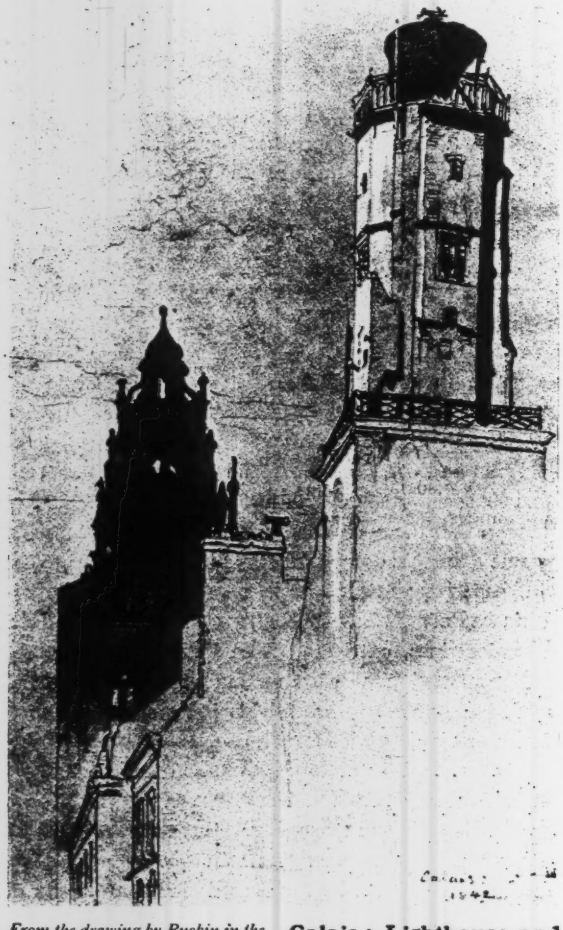
BY J. A. HOBSON.

ALTHOUGH for about forty years Ruskin set himself in all his utterances with a persistent passion of endeavour to impose revolutionary doctrines of social progress upon the mind of a great reading public avid for his books, it cannot be said that during his lifetime this teaching produced any definite effect upon national thought, feeling, and conduct commensurate with its truth. This was due partly to the disturbing nature of his doctrines, partly to the characteristic attitude of the educated classes in this country towards literature, art, and the whole of what is called "culture." This attitude involves an abrupt severance between the "practical" affairs of life, things that really matter, such as business, sport, and in a lower degree politics, and the ornamental activities, which include the fine arts, literature, and all forms of disinterested science. This makes it of necessity very difficult for a man who has taken sides with culture, and has become an authority and a distinguished figure in art and literature, to get a hearing when he claims to "interfere" in practical affairs, tendering advice in the management of private or public business.

When the chapters of "Unto this Last" were first published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Ruskin complained that they "were reprobated in a violent manner, as far as I could hear, by most of the readers they met with." But in truth it was not so much reprobation that greeted his attempt to teach political economy, but a feeling among his readers that an art critic, a beautiful word-painter, a sentimental moralist, ought not to trespass in a world which did not belong to him. If, however, a literary man insisted on thus trespassing, he ought at any rate to throw off his art-robe and grub away at fact and theory with other hard-headed practical men, and not to insist on mixing literature and morals with his social politics. To use his flow of passionate eloquence in driving home some doctrine of wages, some revolutionary definition of value, they felt was not "playing the game." This is still the view taken in academic and other intellectual circles of his contributions to social reform, and in particular to industrial changes. Readers of his argumentative analysis of the current doctrines of wealth, capital, and cost of production, especially in the closely reasoned passages of "Munera Pulveris" and "Fors," will probably agree that these doctrines, extricated from their literary setting and formulated more fully in a dull unemotional treatise, would have vastly improved his influence as social reformer in his day. Those who believe that progress is mainly achieved by an appeal to reason may be disposed to regret that Ruskin did not use his analytic and constructive genius in this way. But their regret would be foolish. Ruskin well knew that what was wanted was a change of heart as well as a change of head, and that no amount of acute ratiocination would secure the substitution of a better for a worse national economy.

He therefore marshalled for his work of reform all the various powers of his rich flowing personality, working with voice and pen and brush, and even incidentally with axe and shovel. It is worth remembering that he set out upon this mission not as an enthusiastic young prophet of social justice, nor as a constructive theorist, but as a practical student of work in various sorts of arts and industries. To the academic teachers, the bankers and the cotton manufacturers, who intellectually financed the orthodox theory and art of the current political economy, Ruskin appeared as an inexperienced litterateur. In point of fact his close years of practical study in many sorts of good productive labour gave him a far better claim than any of them to pose as an authority upon practical questions of production and consumption of wealth. His central indictment directed against their conception of wealth was valid not only sentimentally, but scientifically, and the works in which he resolved "value" from terms of money into terms of human life will assuredly rank as important contributions towards a sound art of social economics.

His insistence that, in order to know the "value" of a thousand pounds' "worth" of any sort of goods it is essential to discover what the real "cost" of production in human painful effort is, upon the one hand, what the real utility of consumption in human enjoyment is, upon the other, is a principle of the first importance in the social interpretation of industry. For since it is admitted that industry exists for the welfare of man, the worth of any act of industry must be measured in terms of human benefit. Degrading and painful work, employed to make ugly or injurious products, implies so much wanton waste of life, in producing not wealth but "illth"; and even articles good and serviceable in their proper uses become "illth" if they pass into the possession of those who are incapable of using them, either because they have no "taste" for them or because they are already in possession of as much as they can use.



From the drawing by Ruskin in the possession of John Brown, Esq.

Calais: Lighthouse and Belfry, 1842.

Born at a time when the "condition of England" had sunk to an unprecedented state of degradation, when the factory system and the dominion of machinery were mere instruments of unbridled greed, and when the masses of the workers in country and in town were living in degrading toil on the verge of starvation, his sensitive nature was driven to revolt against the whole conception of "progress" which was linked with such degradation. Though his youth and early manhood were mostly absorbed in studies of art and nature, the human note was always dominant. "In these books of mine their distinctive character as essays on Art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope." From the study of art he passed to art origins, to the understanding of the history of the conditions of national life which produced great periods of flowering and decay of art. Then, turning his critical mind upon the life he saw around him in his own country, he was driven well-nigh to despair.

How were sound work and a happy life possible in such a material and moral atmosphere as he encountered there? "For my own part," he wrote in the early 'sixties, "I feel the force of mechanism and the fury of avaricious commerce to be at present so irresistible, that I have seceded from the study not only of architecture, but nearly of all art; and have given myself, as I would in a besieged city, to seek the best modes of getting bread and butter for its multitudes."

Where avarice was the ruling motive and mechanism the prevailing method, there could be no true national prosperity, not even security of bread and butter for the multitude.

Ruskin's indictment of the competitive system of commerce, and his firm conviction that the monster machine fouling the air of heaven with its breath was destined to destroy all opportunity of interesting and really skilful work, appear to most of us to-day fraught with extravagance. Though competition still lords it over great provinces of trade and industry, its power is limited, sometimes by combination, sometimes by co-operation, sometimes by legal restraints: large fields of employment in most civilised countries are passing from private into public enterprise. Though the sub-division of factory labour still proceeds apace, in this

country, at any rate, the mechanical life of mere routine does not prevail over an increasing area of employment; the machine is becoming less the master and more the servant of man; and even the sub-divided labour of the machine-feeder is partly compensated by increased leisure from a shorter working day. Many of the industrial disorders which Ruskin diagnosed still remain unremedied, notably that waste of work and life through unemployment, the worst symptom of economic anarchy; poverty is still rife in all the lower grades of labour, and the sweating system, which Ruskin and the Christian Socialists of the mid-Victorian era exposed, still festers in the body politic.

But upon the whole the progress has been so considerable that it is difficult for modern readers adequately to realise the true enormity of the outward and inward evils which Ruskin assailed, or to recognise the amount of influence which he exerted in combating them. Though the agricultural and industrial experiments in co-operation connected with the Guild of St. George were inconsiderable and short-lived, Ruskin lives as a personal force, only second to Owen, in the great co-operative movement which is doing so much to improve the moral and economic condition of great masses of workers in our northern and midland towns. His saying that "Government and co-operation are the laws of life: anarchy and competition the laws of death" breathes the very spirit of the era of social reconstruction which we are entering.

The necessity of interpreting industry in terms of human life is leading every civilised people to-day to place restrictions upon private enterprise in the interests, sometimes of the workers employed therein, sometimes of the consumers of the product, sometimes of the public order. The old anarchic notion, that a business simply "belonged" to the employer, who was to have the untrammelled right to make what bargains he chose with his individual employees, to conduct his business as he chose, and to sell whatever he chose, anywhere, at any price, to any buyers, is being undermined in a dozen different ways; partly by combinations and agreements among employers themselves; partly by collective bargaining with workers; partly by the growth of co-operation and profit-sharing businesses; partly by municipal and state control; and partly by the displacement of private by public enterprise. All these are different substitutions of the principle of order and co-operation for the older anarchic competition. Though

From the painting by Sir John Millais in the possession of Rear-Admiral Sir William A. Dyke Acland, Bart.

John Ruskin, 1853.

in some instances the movement is motived by a wider and a more enlightened selfishness rather than by a truly social spirit, it will be remembered that Ruskin himself appeals to the intelligent self-interest of employers, as well as to their humanity, when he invites them to utilise the "good-will" of their employees. Though Ruskin's ideal of an industrial society was that of a benevolent aristocracy, in which landowners and employers assumed authority and exacted obedience, rather than that of an industrial democracy, the difference is not so great as at first appears. Any reasonable democracy repudiates equally with Ruskin the conception of a workshop, a mine, or a factory in which the will or votes of the particular persons employed determines the conditions of employment, the methods of work, or the distribution of the product. Authority and discipline are essential, whether they are ultimately derived from the will of the people or, as Ruskin held, from the conscious superiority of the "best" men. So it has come to pass that those who repudiate as fantastic and utterly impracticable the revived feudalism which Ruskin held out as his political ideal, have nevertheless absorbed the social spirit which animates his policy of reconstruction, and have often poured it into the same moulds which he provided.

This is particularly true of the changed attitude towards wages and the employment of labour, discernible both in public and in private businesses. The mixed folly and cruelty of making workers in want of a job compete with one another until a wage was reached which was the lowest for which any of them would consent to work, was exposed more forcibly by Ruskin in "Unto this Last" than ever before; and his net influence in modifying the old conception of labour as a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market has been very great. But even shrewd business men of his day were coming to recognise "the economy of high wages" for some sorts of work. What Ruskin did was to impose a general principle, towards the adoption of which we are now slowly but surely moving, viz. the substitution of a fixed sufficient salary with security of employment for the competitive wage and right of unconditional dismissal.

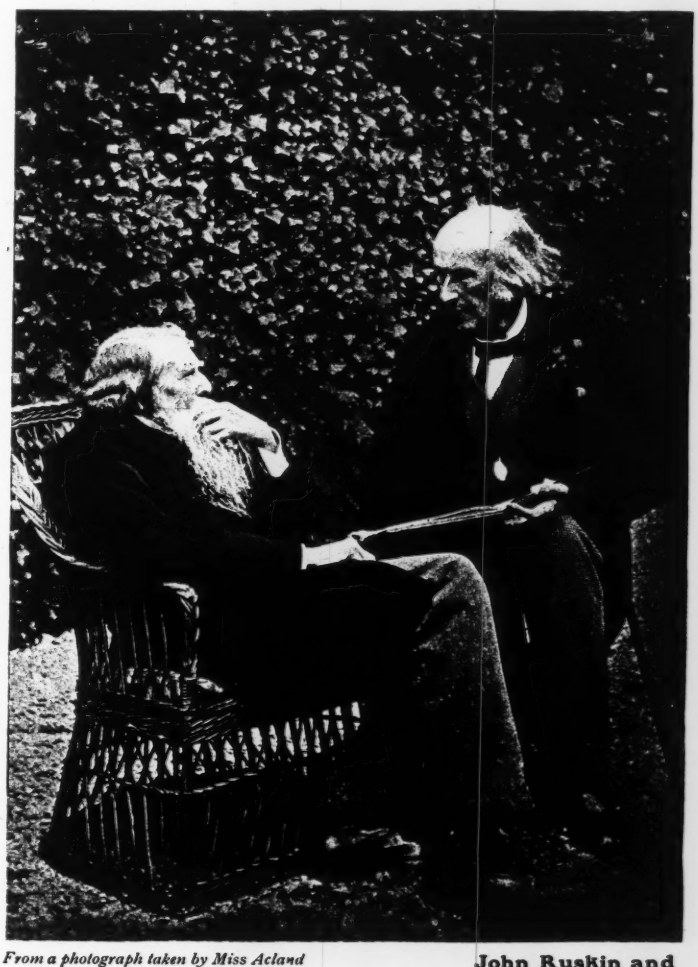
The new notion that a worker who puts his best labour-power into a business has a first equitable claim to be supported in decent comfort out of that business, and to be retained in regular employment so long as the state of business permits, is rapidly gaining ground as a principle of social policy, and not only trades unions but Governments are lending their support to the establishment and enforcement of this new conception of the "rights" of labour.

In other words, the policy which all public bodies and many private businesses have long applied in the case of salaried officials and other skilled responsible employees, is beginning to be extended to all the lower grades of employees as the sound economic and social policy. Beating down the wage of workers by sheer

The Field behind Ruskin's House at Denmark Hill, 1860.
By Ruskin.

force of bargaining-power and throwing them upon the labour market whenever trade is slack are recognised as anti-social methods of doing business, inconsistent with the maintenance of social order and not to be tolerated in a civilised state. All this Ruskin saw and said with incomparable courage and force, and our actual policy is moving towards the assimilation of these profoundly important truths.

Hardly less significant has been the efficacy of the protest against the abuses of machinery which Ruskin voiced with so much vehemence. Here again his real influence is not to be measured by the size of the return to handicrafts and the scores of little experiments in skilled manual arts to which his teaching and example gave rise. Ruskin was evidently excessive both in his general denunciation of steam-driven machinery and in his desire for the revival of hand-labour, much of which indeed is open to worse abuses than the modern factory discloses. But his passionate exaggeration of the real injuries which the despotism of machinery inflict upon the producer and the consumer has greatly assisted to remedy these injuries. The reign of machinery is being limited in two ways. The shortening of the working day is securing for the workers a growing share of the true economy of machine production, increasing the proportion of the time which they have at their own disposal as men and citizens, diminishing the proportion of their subjection to the machine. Not less important is the gradual education of the taste of larger bodies of consumers which leads them to demand goods containing some qualities of genuine art and human skill, instead of quantities of goods turned out wholesale by machinery. This does not chiefly mean an abandonment of machine-work for handwork, but in many instances a combination of the two which makes it necessary for producers to employ considerable numbers both of designers and skilled executants, using the machines for the duller routine processes alone. This friendly union of the artist and the mechanic is destined to go very far in the transformation of industry, and the spirit of artistic demand which it implies owes more of its inspiration to Ruskin than to any other man, unless perhaps to William Morris.



From a photograph taken by Miss Acland at Brantwood, August 1, 1893.

John Ruskin and Sir Henry Acland.

But perhaps the strongest of all claims for Ruskin as social reformer is based upon his labours for the cause of humane education. For in an age when the art of education was little better than an empty phrase, and when the utility of popular education in the wide sense received the scantiest recognition even among educated men and women, Ruskin perceived and taught that social reform was impossible unless its foundations were laid in an organised attempt to discover, educate, and utilise all the varying faculties of children. But he saw much further than this. He realised the double nature of the danger to which educationalists in this and other countries are exposed from their exaggerated stress upon the cultivation of the merely intellectual faculties and the separation of theoretical and practical knowledge. Education to him meant primarily the building of character, in which the cultivation of wholesome feelings was more important than the training of the intellect, and far more important than the acquisition of knowledge of facts. "You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not," is one of those commonplaces which need constant reiteration. But Ruskin's peculiar contribution towards education was the insistence he laid upon the appeal from books to nature. The beauty and the marvel of the processes of nature he held with Wordsworth to be the greatest of educators. But nature he would study not merely as spectator. Education requires a more intimate association with nature, that of the artist co-operating with some forms of natural material. He would therefore have every boy "learn to do something well and accurately with his hands." In this and this only shall we get that organic co-opera-

tion of brain and heart and hand required for the harmonious development of human powers. Rooted thus in nature and in manual work, and fed by a vital and intelligent teaching of history and of literature, children will grow into those "habits of gentleness and justice" which are the supreme end of education.

But while Ruskin's contributions to these definite forms of industrial and educational reform were so considerable, his great influence lay in the power of his writings to impose new and nobler standards of life for the individual and the nation. The ennobling and persuasive eloquence of such books as "Sesame and Lilies," "Unto this Last," and "Time and Tide" is now beginning to exert a wider force in national education than ever before. For the prices at which most of them were procurable until these last years confined their possession to the upper and what Ruskin called "the undistressed middle class." Now they are circulating in great numbers among the masses of a people whose standard of intelligence and literary training is gradually rising to enable them to absorb the great thoughts and feelings they contain. The more cultivated well-to-do persons who read his books during his lifetime mostly prized them for the literary qualities which their author valued least. It is likely that the simpler mind of the artisan, the clerk, the skilled mechanic, and the factory hand will get out of these books more of the revolutionary force which they contain. For the real trouble in which Ruskin found himself involved was the persistent refusal of his admiring readers to take his statements seriously. This was no doubt partly because the saturation of our more "educated" classes in print has produced a mind highly susceptible to passing intellectual and emotional impressions, but incapable of choosing and retaining any truly guiding thoughts for the practical conduct of life. In the midst of such a flood of print as that which nowadays pours over us, even great books may easily escape unnoticed or may win a merely transitory fame. But there is another reason why Ruskin's weightiest words were taken lightly. If his really revolutionary utterances had been taken as he meant them to be, they would have incited their readers to changes of conduct involving great immediate trouble and self-sacrifice, a grave disturbance of existing social order. Now the whole of modern "culture" has been built up in such a way as to furnish an instructive rejection or warding off of ideas which carry such inconvenient implications. So it became possible for well-to-do ladies in reading circles to bubble over with platonic love for the beautiful sentiments in "Unto this Last" without entertaining the faintest intention of "doing anything different" in consequence of reading Ruskin.

The less sophisticated mind of the working classes will be likely to take Ruskin more seriously, and though the aristocratic features in his concrete schemes of social reconstruction will not win wide acceptance, his great underlying doctrine of wealth as "the multiplication of human life at its highest standard" and of the complete subordination of the demands of industry and politics to this great end will claim an ever-growing range of influence and an increasing intensity of power as the motive force in social reform.

THE INFLUENCE OF RUSKIN.

BY HALL CAINE, ARTHUR C. BENSON, W. M. ROSSETTI, I. ZANGWILL, WALTER CRANE, HON. JOHN COLLIER, FREDERIC SHIELDS, JAMES ORROCK, R.I., ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, LL.D., W. B. BOYD-CARPENTER, EDWARD CLODD, JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, JOHN CARTER, of Pusey House, Oxford; and DENNIS HIRD, M.A., Principal of Ruskin College.

HAS the influence of Ruskin, in art, literature, and social politics, increased or decreased during the eight years that have passed since his death? This is the question that we put to the representative authors, artists, and social workers who have very kindly sent us the following expressions of opinion:

I am sorry it is not possible for me to meet your kind request, being at the moment very deeply occupied with my work and not by any means in the best of health. Otherwise it would have been a great happiness to me to express my strong conviction that the *ethical* influence of Ruskin's writings is greater now than it was at the time of his death, and immeasurably more powerful than during that feverish and tumultuous period in which his mind, and consequently his temper, seemed to be seriously overbalanced.

I recall with a good deal of interest the fact that when, not long before his death, I spent a day or two with him at Coniston, he took great joy in my assurance that his economic writings (which, after all, contain the quintessence of his ethical aims) had made enormous progress in public esteem since the years of my own early manhood. I may add that I look forward with high hopes to the revival of interest in Ruskin which Mr. E. T. Cook's "Life" and his Edition of the Collected Works may be expected to produce.

HALL CAINE.

I believe that Ruskin's art criticism is to a great extent discredited, as being obtrusively vehement and prejudiced; while his theory of art is little more than an attempt to express personal preferences in a philosophical way. At the same time I imagine that his art criticism is still highly illuminating and stimulating incidentally, because it shows people how to observe and admire; though it fails, in so far as it is an attempt to substitute one convention for another.

From the bust by Sir J. Edgar Boehm, R.A., now in the Ruskin School in the University Galleries. **John Ruskin, 1880.**

His social theories seem to me to be to a great extent sound and fruitful; of course they are obscured by whimsical and minute fancies; but his altruism, his views of work, of civic duty, of individual rights, to mention a few points, closely correspond to, if they are not responsible for, a good deal of modern so-called socialism, and are likely to have an even extended influence.

As a writer I should not rate his philosophical style, or even his rhetorical style, very high. The most characteristic passages, which are still quoted and admired, seem to me to contain an abundance of beautiful things, but to lack restraint and economy. But I think that when he is neither rhetorical nor dogmatic, and mainly when he is personal, humorous, and satirical (as in "Præterita," for instance, and many of the later writings) his style seems to me to be as near to a certain sort of perfection as is perhaps possible; it is absolutely lucid, proportioned, harmonious. It reveals with entire distinctness the slenderest *nuances* of thought; and it has that indefinable charm of personality, so that one is brought into the frankest and most direct contact with a beautiful, ardent, gracious, and sorrowful spirit.

A. C. Benson.

I will take your several points in order.

1. *Art theories and criticisms.*—Ruskin's theories in art varied very considerably at different periods of his life: he has himself affirmed this, and has revoked several of his earlier theories and criticisms. I think that he was always inspired by very high, noble, and impressive conceptions of art, and that thus his theories, however diverse or disputable they may be, constantly worked for good in one phase or another. As to his express criticisms, I think he often went astray, but also right very frequently. He did a great service in upholding Turner, and Tintoret likewise. It is a curious fact, of which evidence was produced a few years ago, that, long before Ruskin, the great Duke of Wellington was the Englishman who first pounced upon Tintoret as a supremely great figure in the art of Italy and of the world. Ruskin's criticisms of art were often capricious, strained, and fanciful. On this, and on all subjects, his mind frequently went off at a tangent; and, before he had finished saying something sensible, he said something the reverse of sensible. In fact (as we all know) his mental processes were not always under his own control.

2. *As a philosopher.*—The question here relates (I suppose) chiefly to Ruskin's writings on political economy and social regulation. I am not fully acquainted with these writings, and, even were I so, I should not perhaps be very well qualified to pronounce an opinion upon them. I understand that Ruskin's views were substantially in the direction which we call socialistic: I am myself a quasi-socialist, and should therefore sympathise with Ruskin to a large extent. I strongly dissent, however, from his thesis that liberty is a bad thing, and that, when the question lies between liberty and control, the latter is the only good thing. This, of course, does not invalidate the importance and value of *self*-control.

3. *As a man of letters.*—Ruskin was most pre-eminently gifted with eloquence, combined with refinement and delicacy, and also with a great faculty of hard hitting. He had the defects of these qualities, in sentimentalism, finessing, and violence. He was likewise often unable to

By Arthur Severn, R.I. **Ruskin's Bedroom at Brantwood.**

fix himself down to his own main point, and he started off in a rambling manner, so that one hardly knew what he was "up to," or wanted primarily to enforce. Notwithstanding all this, he was a great writer, full of beauty and of cogency.

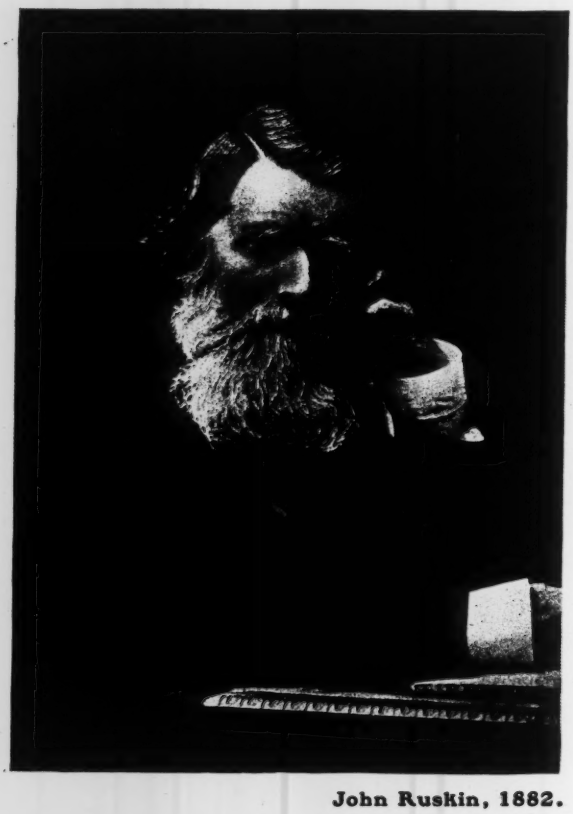
4. *The increase or decrease, since Ruskin's death, of the influence of his ideals and teachings in art or literature.* Ruskin's ideals and teachings in art sank deep, from an early period of his life, into the popular conscience, overthrowing many notions, transforming others, and establishing some. This general influence remains, and will hardly disappear hereafter: but I think that people have, to a great extent, forgotten by now the details of Ruskin's views of art, and pay next to no attention to the less salient points in them. His actual practical "teachings" in art, as in the Working Men's College, do not seem to have at all superseded other and totally opposite methods of teaching. As to literature, Ruskin preached Dante and Wordsworth with great fervour, and much acceptance in his own lifetime. The value of his homage to Dante has, I think, been permanent, and fruitful of much in the feeling of the Anglo-Saxon race up to the present day. His services to Wordsworth appear to me to have been much more transitory. I cannot discern that the influence of Wordsworth, great as are the excellences of several of his poems, is at all on the increase, but rather the contrary.

5. *Increase or decrease in relation to social politics.*—Every year seems to increase the power of socialism, and, in that sense, the influence of Ruskin's views upon politics.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

Some of Ruskin's judgments upon individual pictures, together with his general mystical art theory, are already outworked. But his social, spiritual, and artistic ideals are destined to ever wider acceptance, while his style, being a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever.

I. ZANGWILL.



John Ruskin, 1882.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **John Ruskin.**

I can never forget the inspiring influence of Ruskin's writings upon my mind, when I began to read "Modern Painters" as a boy of fourteen and onwards, and I shall always value the help and guidance I found in his works in my earlier years, but I have come to value his teaching less for its critical and artistic bearing and more for its social and economic significance.

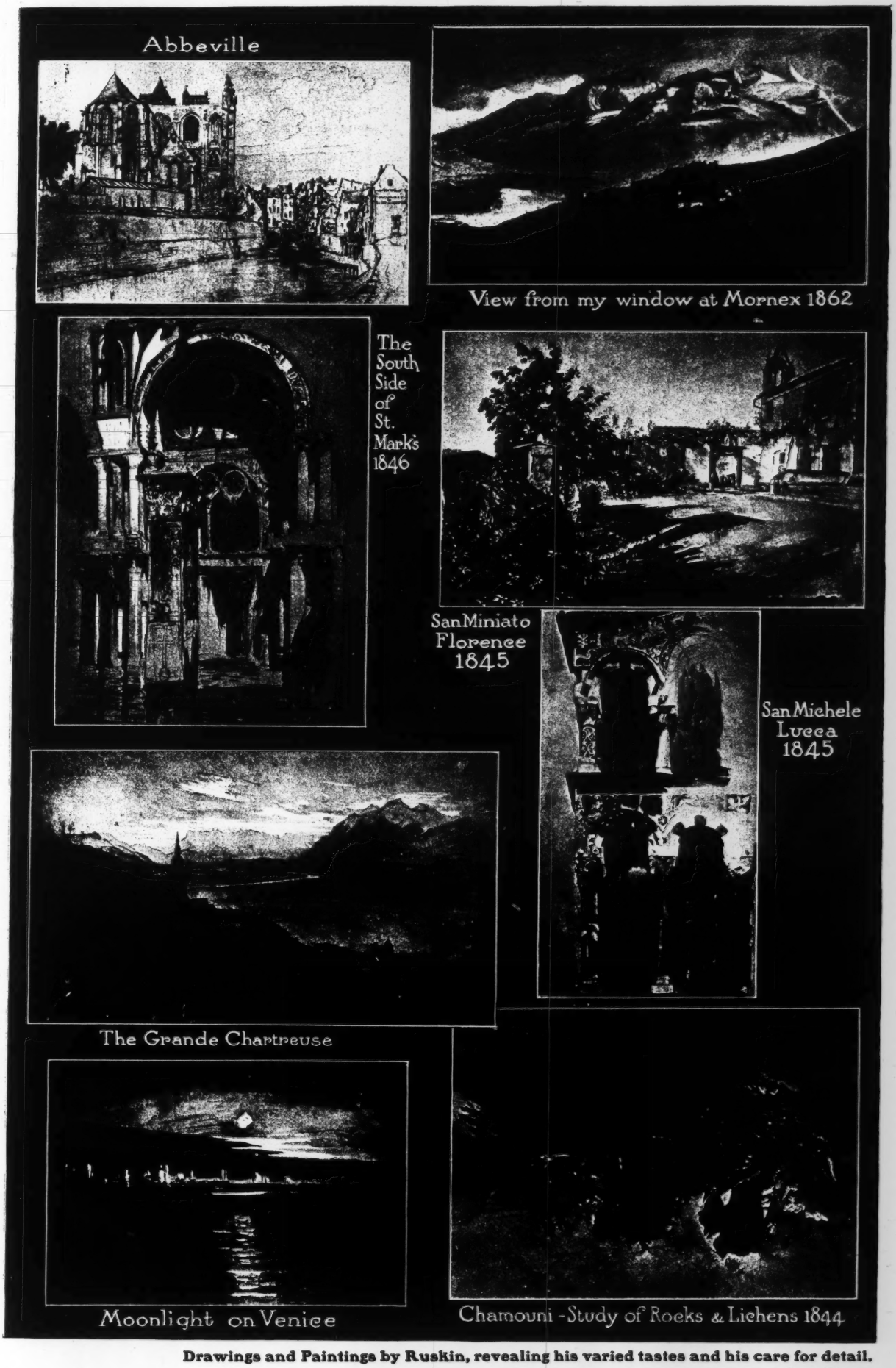
It seems curious that while he was accepted as a guide, critic, and philosopher in the region of art in his lifetime, he was denounced and abused as a social and political economist, whereas nowadays his influence as an art critic has declined, while his economic and social teaching is a powerful influence. It may be remembered that Ruskin himself considered this part of his work the most valuable and enduring when it was laughed at by orthodox economists.

Ruskin's honesty and sincerity, whether wrong or right, must always be respected. He was impulsive, and often whimsical and contradictory, but he cared for the moral and spiritual meanings in art (which he expounded with wonderfully moving eloquence), regarding it, from however narrow a point of view, rightly, in its highest forms as a language of intellectual expression, as well as an interpreter of Nature—and he was himself a sensitive and charming draughtsman, but was more of a naturalist than an artist.

While he had a scientific side, he seemed never to grasp the meaning of evolutionary philosophy and was inclined to be scornful of the results of Darwin's great discoveries, which have so profoundly influenced the thought of the modern world; but this may have been partly owing to his theological bias, which, though tempered by keen human sympathies, coloured his writings throughout.

WALTER CRANE.

My own view of Ruskin is that he was a great master of the English language, and a most stimulating and ingenious critic of art. But his criticisms were mostly fantastic and frequently absurd—and his contributions to philosophy and to political economy are not worthy of serious attention. But when all reservations are made, it must be acknowledged that he had one supreme merit:


Abbeville
View from my window at Mornex 1862
The South Side of St. Mark's 1846
San Miniato Florence 1845
San Michele Lucca 1845
The Grande Chartreuse
Moonlight on Venice
Chamouni - Study of Rocks & Lichens 1844

Drawings and Paintings by Ruskin, revealing his varied tastes and his care for detail.

he succeeded in making art criticism interesting. This is an almost unique achievement. JOHN COLLIER.

Personally, as man and artist both, I owe to Ruskin's teaching a debt of inexpressible and reverential gratitude. FREDERIC SHIELDS.

Any one who desires to know the best in Ruskin's work as an art teacher—I say the *best*, because a great deal is far from good and permanent—should read the following books:

1. "The Elements of Drawing."
2. "Modern Painters."
3. The "Lectures on Architecture."
4. The "Notes on Prout and Hunt."

There is here a wide variety of reading that shows the Master in all his moods and convictions: moods, because a man of genius is swayed by wayward emotions from time to time, and allowance must thus be made for their transitory nature and value. Further, Ruskin himself owned that he wrote things descriptive of natural scenes and used this "copy" in his occasional criticism. But underlying all this rather superficial eloquence, we find the critical faculty that guided Ruskin to a thorough knowledge of landscape art. This was his favourite subject; he was the first writer to do it justice, and I hold that this part of his work will endure. His knowledge of trees alone is a revelation, and has any one a more delicate sympathy than he displays for cloud effects and for mountain scenery? His observation is, indeed, wonderfully sensitive, and hence the delight he takes in the tender and luminous qualities of water-colour. This medium was discovered to him by Turner, and it gave him the bulk of the illustrations for "Modern Painters." JAMES ORROCK.

I have no adequate knowledge of the influence of Ruskin at present. Personally I hold him to be in the front rank as a writer, and as a philosophical thinker on art, ethics, and social economy. My impression is that his influence is increasing, and that it ought to increase. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

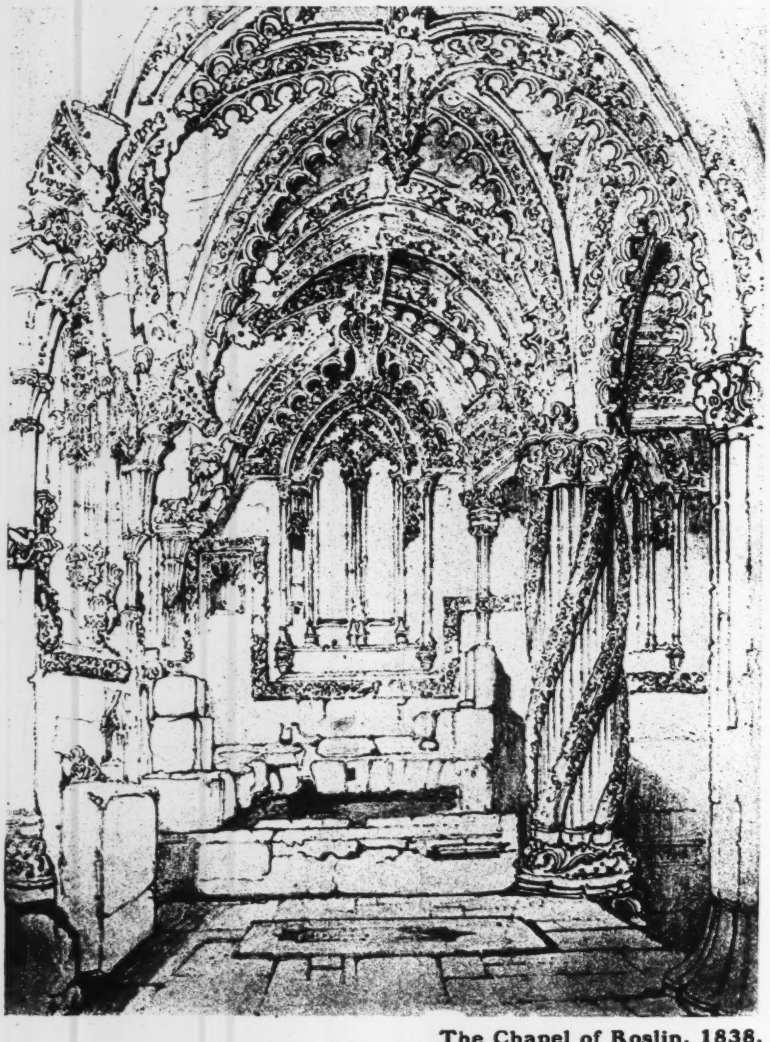
Ruskin's prose was instinct with all the subtler forms of insight into art and beauty. Ruskin's skill as a writer has placed him as a model which any generation may be proud to make its pattern, whilst his thoughtful analysis of social actions and social hopes in his "Unto this Last" at least made the chance of conceiving that what appeared to be alteration of design, was, in reality, the ordered sequence of progressive development. His crown must be found in his influence over modern men and women; they have, consciously in some cases, unconsciously in others, so absorbed the spirit of his writings and his life that they preach the doctrines he advocated, and still prepare the coming generation for the lessening of ignorance, the mitigation of inhumanity, the decline of pedantry in the rules which govern society at large.

Ruskin is dead. But his spirit is still a motive force of modern efforts. W. B. BOYD CARPENTER.

I am not competent to express any opinion on the waxing or waning of Ruskin's influence. His wonderful prose has laid its spell on me, as on so many others, and if it be within my power to say where his influence may be detected, it is in the infusion of a moral element into what Carlyle called the "dismal science"—Political Economy. EDWARD CLODD.

I must confess that I have a real feeling of hesitation in saying anything about Ruskin and his influence on the modern world, in the fear lest in my ignorance of art, to which he devoted so great a part of his life, I might unwittingly do his great "shade" the least show of injustice or irreverence. But the following are a few of my impressions which I put forward tentatively and with the greatest deference. I may say, to begin with, that I had never even heard of his name until shortly after I came from Canada to England in '72, when some casual notice in a newspaper made me feel that here was a writer who could possibly help me in what at that time was my main object of pursuit, viz. the great problem of the world and of human life, and of how I was to figure it all to myself as a preliminary for the life-work on this problem to which I intended to dedicate myself.

I had but recently joined Mudie's Library, and fortunately taking "Modern Painters" at a venture, to start with, I found that far from confining himself to art, Ruskin had in the interspaces of his great work ranged freely over many of the very questions for the solution of which I was seeking. I remember being deeply impressed with his chapters on the various forms of imagination and the illusions to which they give rise not



The Chapel of Roslin, 1838.
By Ruskin.

only in art, but in poetry and philosophy as well—studies which were free at once from any trace either of the current dogmatic theology of the time, which I had rejected, or of the materialism and agnosticism with which I was entirely dissatisfied, but whose closely knit arguments in the hands of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer I could not as yet see how I was to get over. I was not only delighted with his style, his high ideals, and the clear-cut analytic subtlety exhibited in all parts of his work, but was so far deflected from philosophy to art for the time being by them, that for months, in the intervals of my work, I haunted the National Gallery with his "Modern Painters" in my hand, to try and see for myself what were those differences between the two rival pictures of Turner and Claude which challenge and confront the spectator side by side on its walls, and on which he so much insisted; as well as to verify the remarks on Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio and the rest, with which his book abounded.

But it was all of no avail, and I had to give it up; for having no technical knowledge of painting whatever, I found myself quite unable to judge. In the meantime I had gone on to his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and the "Stones of Venice," but here, too, I was baffled for the same reason; and imagining in my ignorance that his smaller books also—the "Crown of Wild Olives," "Munera Pulveris," "Unto this Last," and the rest—were from their peculiar titles also dissertations on art, I did not feel that I was likely to be further helped in my own course of thought by reading them. I was still, however, so deeply impressed by the largeness and scope of his mind, that early in '73 when I made my first pilgrimage to Carlyle, I ventured to ask the sage, among the various other topics for which I had begged the favour of an interview, what he thought of Ruskin. He was quite frank, but from his manner I judged that he was somewhat lukewarm, for he said simply, "Ruskin is a man of high and pure ideals, but not quite level with the present world"—or words to that effect.

I do not remember having looked into Ruskin again for some ten or fifteen years, with the exception of occasionally keeping my eye on what he had to say in the newspapers and elsewhere on the art of the day, and going to the Royal Academy to see if I could grasp the real significance of his criticisms. But his severe strictures on Whistler's picture, "Cremorne by Night," in which he accused the artist of having the impudence to throw a pot of paint in the public's face, and ask a hundred guineas for it (all of which I accepted as gospel, coming from him), so shook up my ideas of art a few years later, I remember, when I found that this same Whistler was regarded as a "master," and this picture as a masterpiece, that I felt it was no use my continuing the subject farther.

Photo by F. Hollyer.

"Datur hora quieti."

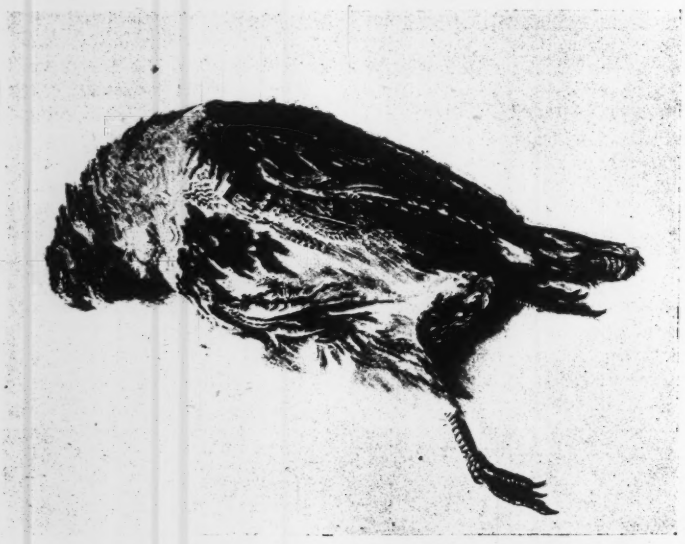
(Brantwood, September, 1896)

This was just before I began to collect material for my projected volume on political economy. And having learnt in the meantime that Ruskin's books "Munera Pulveris" and "Unto this Last" were really not (as I had imagined) books on art, but were on this very subject of political economy, I hastened to make myself acquainted with their contents; and it came to me as a surprise that he of all people should have become interested in a subject so remote from his own way of life as that of political economy.

Now to make clear Ruskin's position on this fresh subject of his speculations, it is necessary to remark that Carlyle, who had taken up a purely humanitarian and sociological standpoint on political economy, had confined himself to flinging out contemptuous jibes all round at its professors—great boulder-rocks of denunciation, without any

analysis beyond that of pointing his finger of scorn at the actual facts of life which the precepts of the existing political economy had abetted and encouraged, as for example those stacks of shirts piled up in warehouses, while bare backs were standing shivering outside in the cold; the regiments of able-bodied unemployed swept into poor-houses, there to "sit enchanted, like apes by the Dead Sea"; and the fact that while dogs and horses could be sure of their provender, these poor wretches were neither allowed by law to be shot outright, nor yet permitted by religion to go and quietly hang themselves—and all, as Carlyle alleged, arising out of those damnable doctrines of "*laissez-faire*" and "freedom of contract" which, as being the bases of existing political economy, were the root of all the evil. Ruskin, who had embraced this humanitarian standpoint of his master, set himself deliberately to track the political economists from point to point in their analysis, and try to turn them and their so-called "principles" inside out; concentrating himself mainly on John Stuart Mill. And here I must confess that I greatly appreciated Ruskin's general line of attack—his high and noble tone, the uncompromising claims he made for the ideal, as well as the originality and subtlety of his analysis—all of which were summed up in the one pregnant question which he asked the capitalists, viz., as to what living human *reason* (as distinct from brute human *exploitation*) they had to give for paying a workman less when there were two or more competing for a job, than if only one had presented himself at their factory gates?—and from that hour I felt that "freedom of contract," as a cardinal principle of public economic policy, was doomed. I entirely assented, too, to his idea that men should be paid according to the amount, character, and quality of the services they rendered to the community, on some more or less *fixed scale*—as they were already in the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, and among the judges, bishops, and other members of the high professions—and not left to pile themselves up into colossal millionaires on the one hand and a starving populace on the other—as indeed was sure to come to pass when *combination* took the place of *competition* among employers, as it is doing to-day.

But all the time I could hear Stuart Mill, who was as high-minded and pure a man as Ruskin, saying: "Well, if you want the workmen to have more wages, why don't you tell them to restrain their population, and then you will have your one man only at your factory gates instead of two, and he will get the job largely on his own terms?" But I saw, on the other hand, that the increase of population, against which Mill so inveighed, was a necessity in the present world; and that Adam Smith was right when he declared that "national defence was more than opulence." I also saw that Ruskin's view on a graduated scale of incomes for all men, with an upper and lower register beyond which they were not to pass (the view which I am now myself engaged in advocating), was, and is even yet, quite utopian for the present; although I believe it to be the next step in evolution—and not that Marxian socialism which goes to the other extreme, and would have us reduce all men alike to an equality of pay all round. I saw, in a word, that Ruskin's views, which would have been possible, perhaps, under some magnified half-divine potentate like the Czar of All the Russias, were in England, where the capitalists themselves with the landlords practically controlled the entire legislative machine, quite utopian. I felt, too, that in spite of his determination to run Stuart Mill and the old economists to earth, he had not really put his finger on the fallacies of their system—considered, that is to say, from their own, and not from his exclusively humanitarian point of view, which was its exact antithesis; so I was obliged to let his works pass, for reasons into which I cannot enter here, but which are set forth in detail in my "Wheel of Wealth."



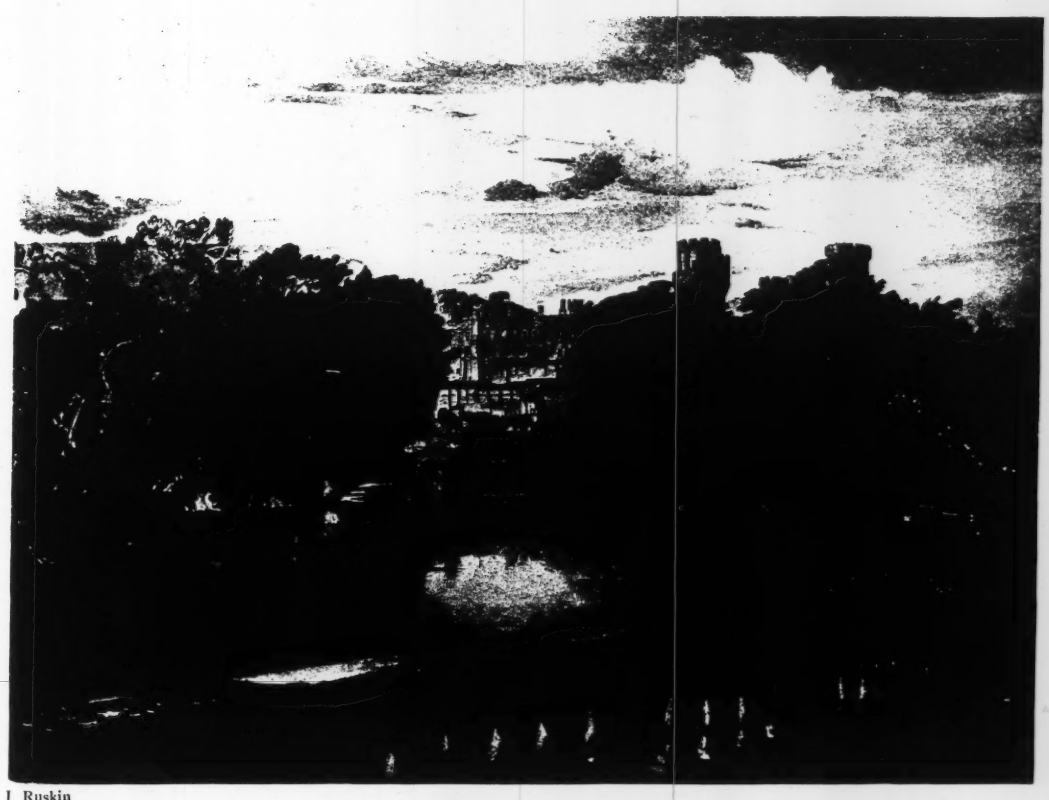
Study of Plumage of Partridge.
By Ruskin.

As regards his later writings—his "Fors Clavigera" and the rest, my impression was, and is, that he had grown somewhat capricious and wayward in his views; and that partly from the great authority and reputation which he enjoyed, and partly from his failing health and the crosses and disappointments of his life, he had become somewhat over-dogmatic in tone, occasionally perverse and self-contradictory, and sometimes held himself as if his momentary whims were endowed with the sacramental character of eternal truths. But taking him for all in all, I should say of Ruskin, as of Carlyle, that if you do not take his *particular* doctrines too seriously on questions which have in the interim and in the process of evolution been developed to a higher stage than where he left them fifty years ago, no greater works than his can be put into the hands of young men on their entrance into life, and before they have settled down to their special callings—and to these two I would venture to add the few others who have been all in all to myself—Bacon, Goethe, Emerson, and, strange as it may seem to many, Cardinal Newman. These were all great and original creative spirits, "great men" in the highest sense of the term, and of the finest intellectual subtlety and penetration, each pure as crystal, but with his own distinctive plane and angle of observation; each too, like Bacon, taking all knowledge as his province—in its widest ultimate implications, I mean—while at the same time plumbing all the depths and riches of the human spirit on the way; and all without a trace in their composition either of the pedantry of the academicals or the preciosity and topsy-turveydom of the epigrammatists and phrase-mongers. And of these great men, not the least was, in my judgment, John Ruskin. His work, I believe, will survive and grow in power long after the specialists who have supplanted him in this or that particular doctrine shall have chased one another into oblivion.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

RUSKIN AT OXFORD.

"It is not easy, I am afraid, to give anything like a definite answer to your question with regard to Ruskin's influence in Oxford," writes Mr. John Carter, of the



J Ruskin

Warwick Castle (1847)

From the drawing in the collection of B. B. Macgeorge, Esq.

J. Ruskin

Dawn at Coniston (1873)

From the drawing in the possession of Mr. George Allen

John Ruskin the Roadmaker.

"Now it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity."—"The Nature of Gothic," *Stones of Venice.*

Pusey House. "No doubt his books are still read, and will continue to be read. And students of 'Unto this Last,' or 'Munera Pulveris,' and the like, can hardly fail to have their social sympathies quickened and their economic ideals strengthened and enlarged." Mr. Carter encloses a leaflet published by the Oxford University Branch of the Christian Social Union, after a systematic study of Ruskin's works, and adds: "Of course, it only professes to be a brief summary of the main points in Ruskin's teaching; but, at all events, it may serve to show that Ruskin has by no means been entirely forgotten in Oxford." Anyhow, that the world at large has done very much more than not forget him, this leaflet makes abundantly clear, and concludes, touching on the way in which we are realising his ideals: "It is significant how far we have gone in the direction of Ruskin's socialism, which was essentially ethical or aristocratic, rather than economic or democratic. Of his revolutionary proposals some have already been adopted, *e.g.* the State maintenance of elementary and technical education and the principle of a standard wage; while others are at least within the range of practical politics, *e.g.* Government Workshops for the unemployed, Old Age Pensions, and the treatment of the idler as a criminal."

Moreover, in the firm of Thomson & Sons, Ltd., of the Woodhouse Mills, Huddersfield, one has a concrete instance of how Ruskin's economic theories have been "taken up by eager and intelligent business men with the happiest results." This firm of woollen manufacturers was reorganised over twenty years ago and is still managed by Mr. George Thomson, as Mr. Carter reminds us, "on Ruskinian principles." It employs some hundred and fifty hands who work on a co-partnership footing, and, to quote a writer in the *Spectator*, it "has gone further still in Ruskinian economics, adopting not only the eight-hour day, but the principle of fixed wages for all, so that it is really a working or industrial partnership. . . . The result of the adoption of the eight-hour day has been to give this firm some of the healthiest and best workers of any place in England. In a word, all the workers are satisfied and none would go back to the precarious and non-ethical conditions which obtain generally in industrial life. Some of Ruskin's business methods, at any rate, pay in the truest sense of the word, even if you cannot turn yourself into a millionaire by their adoption, and it is well that this should be proved."

RUSKIN COLLEGE.

When all is said, it would seem, at least, that Ruskin's influence at Oxford is stronger, more potent now than it was in his own day. "Mr. Ruskin's personal influence over the grown-up University was not great," Dr. G. W. Kitchin tells us in his "Ruskin in Oxford, and Other Studies"—"a few understood, many admired; some sneered, many laughed; the graver world was often angry. He tried strange things. I remember that he tried to make University society pause in its race for show and display of luxury; he bade us cease from competing dinner parties, and take to simple symposia. A few tried it, but their *mouton aux navets*

Ruskin College.

Students on the wash-up.

did not attract the Oxford Don more than once. . . . Perhaps the oddest thing of all was his new Botley Road. He used to lament to his friends among the young men the misfortune of the waste of power in their games and amusements; he held that all energy should have fruitful results; that they should find interest in some work which would unbend their minds and exercise their sinews. 'Take pleasure in constructive work,' he would say; 'you will soon discover the delight of feeling that your efforts are productive.'" This, he urged, was better than kicking a football, and presently he got leave to make a new road across the fields towards Ferry Hinksey: "Thither a gang of undergraduates in flannels, with spades, picks and barrows, went day by day, while the professor came forth sometimes and applauded them at their task. I do not think he ever handled a spade; the lads worked with a will, but small knowledge; a mile or so of road was laid out; it led to nowhere in particular, unless it had been intended to lead to a comely farm on the hillside; and even that it did not reach. . . . The world naturally laughed at such undirected enthusiasm; still it did good to the better men. . . . It did the lads good. The road also expressed a valuable principle. It was an impractical protest against the tyranny of games. . . . Oxford, let us hope, will always feel the influence of this singularly characteristic nature; let us hope that the College framed on his principles, and called by his name, Ruskin Hall, may grow into a great power for good, because it aims specially at bringing the working world into closer relations with ancient Oxford."

Ruskin College, Oxford, was founded in 1899, and incorporated in 1900, the year of Ruskin's death. It is "a school of citizenship and public administration for working men." The normal curriculum consists, in the main, "of courses of instruction in Sociology or Social Science," the aim of the institution being to educate young men of special promise who are likely to become leaders of their fellow workers, and who by raising themselves may help the class to which they belong, and it is significant of much that "not a single working-man student who has passed through the College has failed to return to his trade." For fifty-two pounds the student obtains board, lodging, and tuition for the College year, and as there are no servants, except a cook and an assistant, each student has to do his share of the house work, and is expected to give two hours a day to washing floors, dishes, etc. The College has been well filled from the outset; three hundred and ninety-seven students have resided in it during the last eight years, the number rising from twenty in 1899 to fifty-four in the present year, and that these are really working men is shown by the list of students now in residence, which includes twenty-eight miners, six engineers, three weavers, two locomotive firemen, two carpenters, two pattern-makers, a bricklayer, a boiler-maker, a coach-builder, a cotton operative; and it is gratifying to learn that though the College has no official connection with the University, "University men, both graduate and undergraduate, are taking a considerable interest in it, and are helping it in educational and other ways." So far the College has proved an unqualified success. "We are not able to point to any lack of success anywhere," writes Mr. Dennis Hird, the Principal. "The students are in earnest and bring great industry and intelligence to their work. I cannot offer any opinion on Ruskin's influence on Oxford University," he concludes, "but I think it is not so great as it used to be." Just now, by the way, the College has an interesting exhibit in the British Education Section of the Franco-British Exhibition, comprising portraits of working-men students, plans and photographs of the College buildings, copies of letters from Ruskin, and the original of a water-colour caricature of him as a roadmaker that was painted in 1874, by an undergraduate of that time who is now an R.A.

MOLIERE IN AMERICA.

By Y. Y.

TWO handsome American octavos* sent me as not unlikely to prove suggestive, have suggested no more than a favourable but quite brief review. Yet an English translation of Molière would afford the practised literary person a holiday task just to his mind; while playing chess or watching a prize fight, he could scribble off to order any number of columns on, over, under, and round about this or any other of the great writers most in demand. But I shrink from adding another to the thousand and one unentertaining and stereotyped dissertations on the "Life and Times" or the "Mind and Work" of Molière. If it followed the beaten track, it would be insincere, for some of the venerable platitudes, both the dogmatically orthodox and the cautiously vague, I disbelieve. On the other hand, my heretical views on Molière were formed from a rather careful study of him very many years ago, and so not wisely but too well. The judgments remain, the data on which they were based, and by which they could be defended or corrected, are partly forgotten.

* "Molière Translated into English Verse." By Curtis H. Page, Ph.D. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Putnam.)

It would be rash to set them forth without again carefully reviewing the plays, which are of late only taken up now and then for pleasure.

First as to this book. It is the third—Rabelais and Montaigne have preceded it—in Putnam's new series called "French Classics for English Readers," whereof paper, print, and binding are all excellent; books that will really ornament a library. The principle of the scheme is at least novel, but after all, it may be quite sound. Existing standard translations are adopted; where such is wanting, Professor Page makes a new one. So far, good. Though only portions of each author are given, these are not in the nature of "gems" or "elegant extracts." The best and most typical works are to be given in full, and the use of extracts avoided if possible. Thus in the exceptional case of Rabelais, "all the best" (probably meaning the most presentable) chapters are given in full from Urquhart and Motteux. Here six of Molière's most approved plays are selected. Confining ourselves to these we may repeat the ancient question, *Cui bono?*—I do not mean in the ancient sense, which might seem rude here but that so few know what it was. We simply ask, who are the readers who will profit by the boon? Who wants a specially good translation of these six plays? Several fair translations exist of Molière's complete works—the early ones the raciest, the latest the most correct. He who wants six plays should want the whole. Again, he who wants Molière at all, will want him in the original. Again, he who does not take the pains to learn French is not likely to trouble about Molière or any other French author. All which may be true enough, but good scholars who scorn translations forget that though to one ignorant of French a translation conveys a totally false conception of the plays, it is of great efficacy to those who have read more or less French, yet cannot read Molière properly.

He is not so easy as he looks, nor does he bear skimming. You miss half the cream unless you are constantly pausing to think with him, to weigh his words in order to be sure of his purpose, of the point he is trying to insinuate. And therefore I think that to very many who have been only fairly taught, who can chatter glibly and devour French novels with ease, Molière will introduce himself best in a good translation. That would give them his real meaning; their superficial French reading would help them to realise the French tone and atmosphere. Good translations then do more for imperfect knowledge than for ignorance. Perhaps after all, two volumes of specimen plays suffice. And their stately form is perchance judiciously tempting—Americans can afford luxuries. Professor Page may be opening a window to many an imprisoned soul who may hail the new light and fly forth for more. Take one case. I picture a noble millionaire torso: the legs were removed in a motor accident, the arms went in an undirigible airship smash—as plutocracy and mad locomotion advance these impressive figures will become common. A money-bag of fine intellect but neglected education. He reclines on a bed of antique brocade inflated afresh thrice a day with costly oxygen, and before him, on a solid gold Invalid Literary Machine (geared to turn the pages at any pace required), lies open one of these imposing volumes—of course he would not look at a cheap duodecimo. No longer can he patronise the turf, so he will patronise literature. The truth, the fidelity of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" ravishes his soul; the cap seems to fit—certain Wall Street friends of his. Molière has struck home. The torso bends a Jovian eyebrow. Instantly the Professor appears. "Sir, complete your translation of Molière in record time—at my expense!" "Mr. Putnam, sir, publish it in an *édition de luxe*—in record time—at my expense!" And then he imports from Paris by special boat a governess of the most attractive manners and highest diplomas, under whose auspices he founds cosy narcotic beds, not in hospitals, but in universities where they call them Chairs—but it means much the same thing; and when at last the Mæcenas torso goes to rejoin the limbs, the academical eagles flock to the spoil. There the Professor's dream fades into bliss; may it all come true.

On the Reuss, below Lucerne.
Drawn by Ruskin.

The Cathedral of Lucca.
By Ruskin.

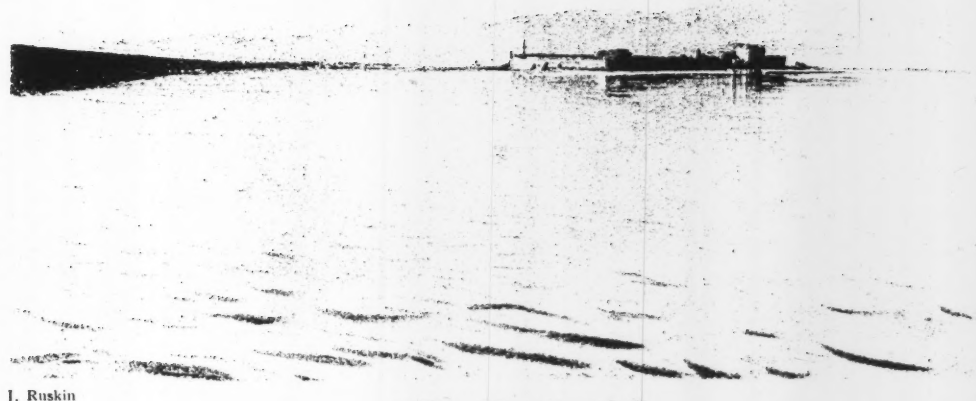
The little Introduction by Professor B. Matthews is too slight for comment, save that the generalities of the first section seem dubious, and that later on he seems to argue an antithesis between "Comedy" and "Drama." His very brief notice of Molière's life, though judicious, is disappointing. The very careful tables of Bibliography show the vast amount that has been written about him of late years, whereof I am quite ignorant, yet very few new facts come to light, though the old legends like the absurd *en-tout-cas* story and the sensational funeral are exploded; but these one never believed. It is very curious. Apart from professional facts about the appearance of the plays and so on, mainly derived from the archives of the Théâtre Français, and especially from the diary of La Grange, a few pages suffice for the second name in French literature. If only he had left his memoirs!

Professor Matthews's best point is the singular maturity of Molière's great work, which was all crowded into the last fourteen years of his life—a contrast to Shakespeare and to every other great dramatist. His prentice essays, nearly all lost, were mere managerial adaptations and trifles. He waited till he was ripe, and then in his delicious "Précieuses," and even in his "Fâcheux," he suddenly shines out the same mature philosopher and finished writer which he remained to the last. How did this busy provincial actor and manager of a company perhaps less rowdy than that of the "Roman Comique," but assuredly with its seamy side, train his mind and pen to such perfection? —for remember that as much as Boileau, Corneille, and Racine he helped to fix the *norma loquendi* of polished French, and I should say has done much to correct their tendency to chaste barrenness. Maybe there is a whole history to be written, if we could only get at the facts, of literary intercourse, correspondence and influence; for the scholarly circles of the provincial capitals where he spent so much time counted many congenial spirits among their eminent savants and writers.

Professor Matthews's comparison of Molière with Shakespeare is sober and no doubt correct, but here comparison is even less fruitful than in most cases. Molière has few faults, and those of the age which he was gradually reforming, and he is supreme in his own restricted field. Shakespeare has many and enormous faults, but he is supreme in most and excellent in all the many fields he occupied. Their real affinity lies in their calm, assured, benevolent, profound and at heart melancholy and divinely compassionate views of human life—for I think Molière consciously insinuates (not by direct words or preaching, but by the purpose and moral trend of his plays) more profound truths than is generally recognised. Shakespeare's is the deeper mind, Molière's the more consistent and well-balanced. I would distinguish thus: Molière's view is that of the perfect *civilised* mind, the heir of all the ages; he has the world's centuries of experience at the back of his vigorous, clear-sighted, reforming spirit—original not in creation, but in criticism and judgment of ideas. All this in a less degree is Shakespeare, but at his greatest, in his highest flights—in short, where he is the incomparable, the unapproachable, the ineffable Shakespeare, the *stupor mundi* for all ages—there he is the perfect *natural* mind, disciplined no doubt by civilisation, but absolutely unbiassed and unprejudiced by it. By intuition such minds without effort or consciousness see the truth as it is—simply and naturally; they have not the acquired power to see it otherwise. The world sees slowly—it takes centuries to clean its old telescopes and microscopes, and to get the right focus. A Shakespeare needs no optical aids. The truth is there plain enough, and he sees it, because his eye is not only strong, but unblurred by prejudice and tradition, undazzled by false side-lights—because he is a *seer*. And with the same native power he enunciates the truth instantly, spontaneously, without premeditation or refining, in a few words that may be a little clumsy, a little obscure, but that in a flash convey the whole truth with glimpses of truths beyond—which, once read, we recognise as for all time the only appropriate, the only possible words. This rare power is called inspiration, as if it were the breathing-in of some external spirit; rather is it the out-breathing, the absolutely spontaneous, unfettered, uninfluenced emanation of pure intellect and emotion. This is no matter of poetry, for Shakespeare was a great poet, while Molière was, as we English understand poetry, hardly a poet at all, though it be true that Shakespeare's supreme sayings seem poetry raised to something beyond poetry. But regarded

View of the Upper Reach of the Grand Canal, Venice

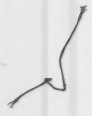
From the drawing by John Ruskin



J. Ruskin

"The Vestibule"

From the collection of Sir John Simon, K.C.B.



XUM

merely as words of wisdom, how many of his inspired sayings are treasured in our hearts, to which we find no single rival in Molière. I know no line of his to place beside those incomparable gems. But after all, how rare they are everywhere! One picks them up here and there, mostly from simple, unsophisticated writers, not often from the sages or illuminati. The Greek dramatists and philosophers, even Socrates, may impress, but do they flash upon us, startle us like a conscience? In the literature of all the higher religions no doubt these electric flashes occur, but this is due to the aloofness, the outside standpoint, from which the mind imbued with supernaturalism regards things mundane. No, Molière is not a seer, but rather the greatest of all social critics and censors, as great as Johnson without his, or indeed any, whims and eccentricities—say, therefore, the perfection of moralists.

Just one other point. Shakespeare died at fifty-two, having begun early, triumphed in many fields, and probably completed his work. Molière lived one year less; he began late; he laboured in but one field, founding and perfecting modern comedy. Might he have attempted more? I think he might, and would. Perhaps reformed and vitalised French tragedy—which sadly needed it. Perhaps anticipated the modern serious drama and the tragedy of contemporary life and manners; perhaps given a new and permanent form to historical drama. For he was a progressive genius. Probably his development has been worked out, but I have never seen it done. It has always struck me as phenomenal in such a conventional period. Of course his views, his attitude and opinions, once matured, show no change, but in his art he was ever progressive, shuffling off the old trammels, and reaching out to Elizabethan and modern freedom. His originality is an irrepressible instinct. In his prose plays and farces the critics allowed him greater licence; that is why I rate some of them above the conventional "Tartuffe" and "Misanthrope," for in them he is all himself. Himself, and others too of whom he dreamed not. In "Don Juan" he sometimes touches Shakespeare; Sheridan in the incomparable "Comtesse" (why is she so neglected by critics and readers?); "Pourceaugnac" is Smollett and Dickens blended. Is it not possible that in time he would have undermined all the old dramatic conventions, unities and the rest? The play which was his swan song and death scene too opens with a soliloquy by the hero—an audacious defiance of the rule that the hero should be kept back if possible till the second act.

I have put off the translator's introduction lest I should be ensnared into a discussion of French versified drama, which would interest but few. Professor Page's views and arguments on the thorny subject of translation seem very sound. His prose translations are good; here he has many rivals, but his success is most remarkable in this the first serious attempt to render the verse plays in verse. I have tested one of the three, which I happen to know almost by heart, and am surprised at his correctness, completeness, and colour. Some expressions I could wish away, but the general effect amazes me. He discovers that the English heroic just suffices for the French alexandrine, and indeed he is sometimes able to translate literally for several lines together. It is a revelation how well Molière lends himself to this metre, and detesting as I do the alexandrine, I really feel the translations in heroics read more natural and Molièresque than the original. Prose versions are deplorable; they expose the padding which even Molière had to use sometimes to "make his line." Even the critics will perhaps allow that where a thorough knowledge of French is lacking, Professor Page for the first time brings the reader into the actual presence of Tartuffe, the Misanthrope, and the Femmes Savantes. May his readers be many and grateful.

New Books.

AN ELIZABETHAN HERO.*

There was once a genial and intelligent editor who used to say to his myrmidons when he handed them books to review, "Now put on your theological jacket," or "your military," or as the case might be. If this course had been pursued in reference to Mr. de Sélincourt's book, the present reviewer would have had to pause some time before his wardrobe. The very title of the volume indicates that it is not a "serious" historical treatise: and a prefatory note of the author's puts that matter out of all possible doubt. Neither is it a pure historical novel, nor even one of the hybrids between story and history which have sometimes been attempted. It is a sort of picturesque essay-biography on the greatest but one of Sir Walters, considered partly as himself and partly as a type of the Elizabethan hero—an essay allowing itself very considerable divagation and a good deal of indulgence in personal utterance. And it would seem rather intended to put a graphic view of the facts (or some of them) before the reader, than to sum them up into a definite "judgment" or "character."

Probably Mr. de Sélincourt started with a conscious or unconscious feeling of the extreme difficulty of realising the Elizabethans. It is in fact a great deal more difficult to grasp the Englishman of Tudor and early Stuart times than to perform the same operation either upon his ancestors or upon his successors. If you choose to take the trouble, you can get at the mediæval man more or less accurately, if not quite adequately—you can't cross the gulf perhaps, but you can see the man on the other side pretty clearly. From 1660 onwards he is coming towards you and assuming your own likeness more and more every year. But from (and

* "Great Ralegh." By Hugh de Sélincourt. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

from a little before) the Reformation to the Restoration he is an enigma made up of all sorts of contradictions, and of some things that are worse than contradictions, patches of sheer cypher and hieroglyph to which there is no key. Mr. de Sélincourt says of the strange devices to which Ralegh himself resorted in his last struggle with ill-luck, "Men like Ralegh have different values from the values of ordinary men." This extension of Sigismund's "supra-grammatical" theory is perhaps rather questionable—at best it only cuts the knot. Others have said that on this and other occasions Ralegh "lied freely"; and whether this be excessive or not it is certain that while neither England nor any other country has ever bred greater gentlemen in most ways than the best of Elizabeth's men, the very best of these men had notions about truth which would rather "stick in the gizzard" of most of us now. The fact is that, as Mr. de Sélincourt is here quite right in saying, or implying, they conducted all the affairs of life on a diplomatic basis. Those letters which in other times are so revealing, in their case for the most part add fresh puzzles—instead of the letter acting as a key to the conduct, you have got to rack your brains and the circumstances for the key to the letter itself. It is certain that they were as a rule much more religious than we usually are. Mr. de Sélincourt accepts, or rather (for he does not accept it exactly) puts a construction on the charge of atheism against his hero too readily. But people who were as religious now as they were then would probably not do some things that they did.

One point on which Mr. de Sélincourt has gone right, though the way in which he expresses himself about it is sometimes a little crude, is that devotion to the Queen as a woman which has amazed some people and has been regarded by others as a degrading and servile affectation. Although his repeated description of Elizabeth as "beautiful" is excessive—she never can have been that at any time of her life—there is no doubt that at one time she had good looks enough for a Queen, and that she made pretty free use of them. Patriotism, religious zeal, covetousness, ambition, the "little brain-fever" given by the unknown regions and tempting adventures open to them, the breath of poetry everywhere blowing, and this chance of the great game of flirtation—of the royal *Pays de Tendre* as a sort of other Indies to be conquered—everything came together to intoxicate the young Elizabethan gentleman, and to keep him intoxicated when he ceased to be young.

On one of these conditions Mr. de Sélincourt has not laid as much stress as he might. "Ralegh," he tells us—tells us indeed twice over and at the beginning of two consecutive paragraphs—"was a poet." He certainly was; but his biographer makes no direct use of the verse except to quote the famous final lines, "Even such is time." He might indeed plead that the separation of probably true, perhaps true, improbably true, and certainly false, in the case of the verse attributed to Ralegh, is the most difficult among the many difficult problems of the kind in that age. But there is a certain colour about the pieces least probably attributed to any one else which is pretty unmistakable. Except Donne's and in a very much less degree Fulke Greville's, no other verse, even then, has a certain quality of "strangeness" to the same extent, and yet no Elizabethan poet was more of a man of action and business than Ralegh. Except perhaps Spenser, he seems to have had no very intimate friend: and there is the curious fact—not much dwelt on here—that he was admittedly one of the most unpopular men in England till the atrocious and disgusting injustice of his treatment in the Cobham matter turned the public mind. Whether Ralegh was, as his biographer thinks, "one of the greatest men that ever lived," depends of course on the limits which may be assigned to that Legion of Honour. But his claims to greatness are certainly numerous and strong. His quality as a warrior and commander both by sea and land; his administrative power; his unlucky but persistent efforts in colonisation; his verse; the "History of the World" and his other prose; and last but not least that personal vitality to which, much as he was hated, even the hatred is a sort of negative testimony, while the love of Spenser and of Elizabeth is a positive one—these things go far. And it is hard to say what is the set-off. The charge of cruelty in the Irish wars is historically absurd; if he was bitter against Essex at the last, it would, considering the circumstances and the past relations of the two, have been almost a miracle if he had been anything else; the rather mysterious business of his marriage (on which Mr. de Sélincourt is less explicit than from some other passages one would have expected him to be) ended very well indeed, however it began; there was not evidence against him in the matter of the plots enough to have hanged Cobham himself or Sir Lewis Stukeley; and difficult as the Guiana matter is, and strongly as we may suspect that Ralegh carried into the seventeenth century too many of the quasi-buccaneering habits of the sixteenth, it is pretty clear that he believed in the mine and fairly certain that the mine existed. Perhaps he did not "stick at trifles," but he did some great things, and one feels somehow that he was greater than the greatest things he did. So our wheel comes pretty full and even circles with Mr. de Sélincourt's; though perhaps not through quite the same movements.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Chamouni.
The view from the Hôtel de l'Union. By Ruskin.

MR. CONRAD'S SHORT STORIES.*

Mr. Conrad's six new stories are labelled, rather whimsically, a romantic tale, an ironic, an indignant, a desperate, a military, and a pathetic tale. But they are all perfect tales, fascinating arrangements of character and event so as continually to delight and surprise. At a first reading we are inclined to think that here is an entertainment, of the oldest kind, that has just reached its hardest, clearest, least wasteful form—an entertainment and perhaps nothing more, except that it is unique in quality. Not, of course, that this would be a small or a common achievement. To excel in the telling of a story is to excel where all men are competitors. And the invention and external form of three of these six tales are in themselves so good that every one would be very much charmed if the colouring, the words, the filling in of the prescribed outlines had been done by less than a master hand. The other three tales, of a mad ship, of an anarchist, and of a quiet old gentleman and a *Camorra*, are not imaginable in any other man's hands. We are, however, much more than charmed. Some very good stories are "writ in water"; they sting us for one short moment only and vanish away. These are not. The substance of them is of precious material, no less than the English of a master who seems to be practically incapable—except, where it is inevitable, in dialogue—of using words without that magic of labour and of character by which the whole, the sentence or the paragraph, becomes incomparably greater than the mere sum of its parts. Nor is Mr. Conrad only a lord of language. These stories, without any irrelevancy, bear a heavy weight of experience, of observation and of reflection. With all their speed, therefore with all their ease and spirit, they produce a richness of effect which compels you to read them again in order to understand it. And then you notice the colour, both physical and spiritual, that is in the words—the cadence you must have noticed before, for such movement is not of every day. 'Tis the colour, first of all, of a man who is vowed to beauty. This is an admirable sentence: "In the colourless and pellucid dawn the wood of pines detached its columns of trunks and its dark green canopy very clearly against the rocks of the grey hillside." But then he sacrifices nothing to produce such sentences. His are all equally good, though there is no harm in admitting that it is when they are used to depict the visible, the faces and forms of men and nature, that they have the most relish. And not only parts of things, and things still and waiting to be painted; but things moving, as in the description of the retreat from Moscow:

> ". . . Often from daybreak to dusk no one spoke in the whole column. It was like a *macabre* march of struggling corpses towards a distant grave. Only an alarm of Cossacks could restore to their eyes a semblance of martial resolution. The battalion faced about and deployed, or formed square under the endless fluttering of snowflakes. A cloud of horsemen with fur caps on their heads levelled long lances, and yelled 'Hurrah! Hurrah!' around their menacing immobility, whence, with muffled detonations, hundreds of dark red flames darted through the air thick with falling snow. In a very few moments the horsemen would disappear, as if carried off yelling in the gale, and the sacred battalion standing still, alone in the blizzard, heard only the howling of the wind, whose blasts reached their very hearts. Then with a cry or two of *Vive l'Empereur!* it would resume its march, leaving behind a few lifeless bodies lying huddled up, tiny black specks on the white immensity of the snows. . . ."

But it is also the colour of a great character and a great courage, of one who has pathos, irony, wit, understanding, and always grace and an admirable air; above all, one who has the spirit of comedy.

Edward Thomas.

* "A Set of Six." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Methuen.)

Eliza Cruikshank.

From a painting by George Cruikshank in the South Kensington Museum.
From "George Cruikshank." (Duckworth.)

CRUIKSHANK.*

Art has been defined many times; and again, unsatisfied, we are asking: *What is art?* For what definition can be so catholic that with door wide open to Giotto and Monet it will yet find room for the political caricaturists of a hundred years ago? Nevertheless, definition or none, here is George Cruikshank, author of *Boney's Elb(a)ow Chair*, included in the "Popular Library of Art," and furnishing text for a most able discourse. As befits an imaginative writer, Mr. Chesson employs the subjective method—that is to say, he puts into his theme at least as much as he draws from it. But some fair rate of exchange must be observed in these matters, and Leonardo and Dürer are more generous than the "great George." So it cannot be expected that Mr. Chesson will be quite so fascinatingly self-revealing as Pater or Mr. Sturge Moore. He makes, however, most excellent use of his material, and discusses Cruikshank as caricaturist and journalist, moralist, humorist, and supernaturalist in a really sparkling manner. Sometimes there is a slight straining for the epigram and there are some unpardonable puns, but the book abounds in felicities. And when what Cruikshank was becomes barren of inspiration he ingeniously uses what Cruikshank was not. This, of *The Worship of Bacchus*, lying hidden in a vault beneath the National Gallery, is quotable as a masterpiece of negative imaginative criticism:

> So it lay, and perhaps yet lies in its dungeon, and overhead Silenus still triumphs divinely drunk on Rubens's canvas; and Bacchus, ardent for Ariadne, leaps from his chariot in that masterpiece of Titian, which Sir Edward Poynter believes is "possibly the finest picture in the world." Poussin's Bacchanalian festivities are still for the mirth of a world whence Bacchus has fled; but the god enthroned on hogsheads is not mistaken for Bacchus now: Bacchus was stronger than Cruikshank. The whole deathless pagan world of beauty and laughter is by him made rosier and more silvery. Cruikshank never drew him; the god he drew was Bung in masquerade.

After all, one may easily be unjust to George. If his humour appears buffoonery and his romance melodrama to a generation which believes itself neither sentimental nor obvious, it must be remembered that he drew for Harrison Ainsworth, not Maurice Hewlett, and for an age of absolute attitudes, that could have found no manner of satisfaction

* "George Cruikshank." By W. H. Chesson. 2s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

in a Beerbohm or a Beardsley. He could rival Gillray in grossness, but he drew fairies which are far more illuminative of folk-tale and nursery lore than the exquisite arabesques of Mr. Arthur Rackham. Whether that be sufficient to establish his claim as an artist or not, Mr. Chesson has made him the subject of a very clever piece of art criticism.

JAMES II. *GALANT.*

The surfeit of books we have been having poured forth of late on Tudor and Stuart princesses would seem to point to some curious morbidity of the public—or can it be mainly the publishing mind? Elaborate, and for the most part defensive, books on Mary I. and Mary II., on Lady Jane Grey, on Henrietta Maria, on Catherine of Braganza, on Mary of Modena, on Queen Anne, not to speak of the later Carolingian beauties generically, have streamed across the literary firmament. We have not yet had a book frankly descriptive of Charles II. and his mistresses, but the reticence has been one of expression merely. Mr. Allan Fea's ingenious formula for a book of dissolving chapters on a period which was dredged exhaustively as far as picturesque detail is concerned sixty years ago by Macaulay, is "James II. and his Wives," by which he really means "James II., his Wives, et cetera." The chief attraction in the present volume, however, is indicated by the words that follow, "With forty illustrations." Mr. Fea seems thoroughly to understand the art of portrait-furnishing, and his reproductions in this volume, though not of an expensive kind, are every one of them successful and every one of them interesting. We must say that we should like to peruse under his guidance a similar gallery of Williamite, Queen Anne, Kit-Cat or Herrenhausen portraits. The portraits are often the more interesting because they do not by any means always confirm the popular or generally received historical idea of the personages they represent. The first Duchess of York, for instance, in common estimation is shrewd, clever and witty, but no beauty. She had a very nice, fat white hand which Pepys loved to kiss, but of other attractions, we are given to understand, the less said the better. Yet here, in the portrait by Lely at Hampton Court, admirably reproduced, she looks decidedly attractive both in face and figure, and so confirms the verdict of Reresby which I came across quite accidentally the other day. At York in August 1665, he records at the beginning of his Memoirs, "it was observed that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, and of the duke's bedchamber, was greatly in love with the duchess, and indeed he might well be excused, for the duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hide, was a very handsome personage."

One of the most attractive of all these portraits, curious to relate, is that of Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, who is always regarded in the fable we call history as the type of impudence and wit without beauty, the lady who was so plain that the witty Charles said she must have been prescribed to his brother as a penance by some malicious priest. It cannot have been for her wit that James admired her. Her common style of retort bore a general resemblance to that of Nell Gwyn, but the flavouring in her case had more of Billingsgate than of Covent Garden. Another puzzling verdict to my mind is that passed upon Mary of Modena. Mr. Fea goes into ecstasies over her. "Slim, graceful, and remarkably handsome, the portraits we have of her painted when she was young compare favourably with contemporary court beauties. There is a dreamy loveliness in the face and not a touch of sensuousness."

The portrait here seems but a poor advocate for the possession of such charms as those enumerated. The face seems too long and the complexion too muddy. But in hope of outside corroboration, I turned to the frontispiece of the excellent Life of Mary of Modena recently produced by "Martin Haile." The far from attractive portrait there sent me to the National Portrait Gallery, from which I came away a profound disbeliever in Mr. Fea's vision of dreamy loveliness, though ready enough to assent to his last proposition that the lady was deficient in sensuousness—a strange commendation, you will say, for a beauty at the court of Henri Quatre's grandsons, concerning whom we fully agree with the implied verdict of these pages that it was "six of one and half a dozen of the other." James himself was a decidedly handsome man, as you may see in half a dozen portraits here, in the clever portrait in James Ward's picture in the Tate Gallery, and in the fascinating statue which now turns its back upon the park front of the Admiralty. The two prettiest pictures of all in this book, to my mind, are the two portraits of the innocent little Princess Louisa Maria Theresa, the consolation of her father in his devout old age, the daughter who had never sinned against him, as he pathetically said. The bad luck that seemed to preside at the courts of France at the fag-end of the stern king's tedious reign proved fatal to her at the age of nineteen, and she died at St. Germain regretted by every one. The prettier of the two portraits by far is that by Mignard, whose masterly portrait of Molière is one of the treasures of Chantilly. Why could not Mr. Fea give us a book on Mignard, the Van Dyck of the French court at that period, with copious illustrations? He would find material for his letterpress far less hackneyed than that to which he is condemned in these pages. There is nothing new in fact to be said about James II., and despair at finding anything reduces Mr. Fea to construct sentences such as the following: "His attachment to the ladies also had a demoralising effect, which caused the business-side of Mr. Pepys to much deplore." Attempts have been made to rehabilitate James and beatify him as a Catholic saint, just as attempts have been made to represent Bloody Mary as the gentlest and most humane of her sex. But common sense revolts against such violent antics of distortion. James had good points, but the immeasurable egoism, the cold obstinacy, and the utter lack of sympathetic imagination which he inherited from his father rendered him, when a somewhat similar crisis arose, the most despicable of all our native sovereigns. The man who after twenty-five years' experience of England under his brother and the memory of the "Popish Plot" fresh upon him could have set up a Jesuit ostensibly as his Grand Vizier was a disgrace to his trade, and unfair as were some of the methods used to oust him, what dispassionate person can do other than congratulate England on having given a final *congé* to a type of royalty so utterly useless? It is characteristic of James that, having been urgently adjured by his dying father to remain a good Protestant, he resisted all his mother's almost frantic solicitations to turn Catholic as long as she lived, and only announced his conversion after her death. Mr. Fea extenuates James's folly on one or two occasions, but he makes no special plea for him. The character of James indeed seems to have bored him, as it bored most of his contemporaries from his elder brother downwards, and he carefully abstains from any deliberate and generalised judgment, which shows a great power of self-restraint—more, I fear, than I should be able to exercise.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "James II. and his Wives." By Allan Fea. With 40 illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

SOME SCOTTISH WOMEN.*

Captain Harry Graham, happily, has not followed the example of the *Scotch* Education Department in mistitling his book "A Group of *Scotch* Women." We are grateful

* "A Group of Scottish Women." By Harry Graham. With 16 illustrations. 10s. 6d net. (Methuen & Co.)

for that, since, indeed, there is no such word. He might have said Scots Women, to be sure, but there is a suggestiveness of Scott and the Waverleys about this which would have been awkward. Hence the expression Scottish Women is the happier, as it is the correcter designation. One is tempted to ask, when *will* Dover House follow suit? Captain Graham runs through the whole gamut of Scottish femininity—from the foundress of Balliol to the fanatical founder of the Buchanite sect—and his chapters, despite occasional slips, make very acceptable reading. On account of its theme, the book is naturally fascinating, and there is about it a vivacity, and a river-like charm of diction and treatment, which compel one's perusal. Readers can hardly fail to be struck with its remarkable resemblance to the brilliant work of the late Henry Grey Graham, that master of eighteenth-century life and literature, several of whose pages, particularly in "Scottish Men of Letters," are concerned with the identical women writers whose careers have been dealt with so attractively by this Harry Graham the second. The work of the later writer, however, has a much wider scope, including, as it does, all sorts and conditions of women celebrities, "of whom," he says, "Scotland can lay claim to a generous share." For women have ever had their part, as well as men, in the making of Scotland. And Scottish women have dared and achieved quite as much as the other sex when it came to be a question, as often it was, of right against might. So this, to some extent, is the story of battles which have been fought and of conquests which have been won, in which Scottish women held no inconspicuous place. With the always welcome informativeness of one who has read extensively on his subject, Captain Graham descants upon it with ease and grace. There is no really dull page, notwithstanding the extraordinary variety of types of the feminine character which are here displayed, pertaining to all the spheres of life, social, literary, political, and religious. Thus we have Devorguilla, for instance, (not Dervorguilla, however, as Mr. Graham constantly has it), wife of John Balliol (which should be spelled with three ll's), one of the foremost Scottish women of her time, the builder of at least half-a-dozen monastic houses, and the originator of Balliol College. The date of her establishment of Dulce Cor—Sweetheart Abbey—near Dumfries, where she lies, is generally given as 1275, not 1273: and there is evidence that this Lady Bountiful of the olden days passed away previous to 1290. Barnard Castle, by the way—Balliol's home—is not in Northumberland, but on the Tees, in Durham. It is curious to note that prayers are still daily offered up for Devorguilla's soul and that of her husband "by scholars of whom the majority know little or nothing of their founder's history, and only associate her name with that of the 'Devorguilla Club,' whose members forgather for the purpose of enjoying refreshment which is not exclusively intellectual." The redoubtable Black Agnes of Dunbar, name familiar to every Scottish schoolboy, is an easy first among the "Amazons" of Mr. Graham's fiery galaxy. Joan, Countess of Sutherland, that devoutest, most obdurate Romanist of her day, scarcely merits so much good space as is given to her. Neither do mad Elspeth Buchan, nor Miss "Nicky" Murray, whose reputation seems to rest solely on her unrivalled resourcefulness as a society entertainer and matchmaker. Of three Duchesses—of Lauderdale, Monmouth, and Gordon respectively—Mr. Graham writes dispassionately and with good sense. The first of these was the wife of the infamous Duke of Lauderdale, the only bearer of the title. How much the history of the persecution in Scotland, and Lauderdale's firm suppression of the Covenanters, were influenced by his ambitious spouse is patent in almost every incident of her inglorious career. It is certain that no two names have so reeked with the popular odium. Nor were any pair holding their all but regal position more utterly corrupt and corrupting. What a contrast when one comes to Grisell Hume, afterwards Lady Grisell Baillie, that sweetest of all Scottish heroines, the narrative of whose amiable and noble life is surely the gem of this collection.

Captain Graham's statement may be questioned that "it is not easy to believe that the name of Alison Cockburn would have become a household word in Scotland had her only claim to fame rested upon the song with which it is always associated." Whatever the poetic merit of "The Flowers of the Forest"—a lyric belauded both by Burns and Scott, be it noted—it is more than probable that Mrs. Cockburn's memory would have perished long ago, had that alone depended on her innumerable gay supper-parties. Only the other day there was erected a tablet directing attention to her burial-place in Buccleuch churchyard, Edinburgh. And thereon she is remembered, not as a queen in the fashionable society of her time, not as a mere amusement-caterer, but as the writer of what Scott has styled "a fine set of verses," whose words never grow stale, whose winsome melody never grows old.

Lady Anne Barnard, who wrote the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, a songster, and one of the numerous *Waverley* suspects, with Lady Louisa Stuart, Scott's life-long literary correspondent; and Clementina Stirling Graham, of *Mystifications* notoriety, make up the concluding chapters of a truly notable and instructive and not least, entertaining volume. Mr. Graham might, no doubt, have included other Scottish women quite as well known and as brilliant as those he has gathered together here, but his excuse, he tells us, "must be that there was not room for all, and in the selection of subjects I have exercised the right of allowing personal preference, or prejudice, to be my guide." This is a book which might be introduced with profit into the higher classes of Scottish schools, and it should be in every respectable Scottish library. Its spirit is excellent. It contains a shoal of fresh stories. It will prove a mine of wealth to the fiction writers, and it is a long way better to read than many of the fictions themselves.

W. S. Crockett.

THE CENTURY SHAKESPEARE.*

One seems never to have done with congratulating Messrs. Cassell on their good services to the cause of cheap literature; the booklover of moderate means has already many reasons to be grateful to them, and he will have forty more when he has possessed himself of these volumes of the "Century Shakespeare." The books are beautifully printed, neatly bound in red cloth or in red lambskin, they are embellished in green and black by Mr. Reginald L. Knowles, and each has a photogravure frontispiece reproduced from an original painting of some famous artist of the past or present. Moreover, each volume has a useful glossary, and is prefaced with an introduction by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Munro that will satisfy the student as well as the general reader. For Dr. Furnivall has the rare gift of wearing his knowledge lightly, of imparting it with an ease and simplicity of style that are none the less instructive for making attractive and interesting reading.

The first volume of the forty is devoted to a very full life of the great dramatist and a careful, critical study of his works. This is largely a reprint and amplification of the admirable biography and critical study with which Dr. Furnivall prefaced his "Leopold Shakespeare" some years ago; it has been revised, rearranged, and brought up to date, furnished with additional notes, and with new and excellent chapters by Mr. Munro on "Shakespeare's London" and on "English Drama before Shakespeare," and is, in a word, an exhaustive, illuminating, and helpful survey of Shakespeare's life and work and times.

* "The Century Shakespeare." Edited, with Life and Introductions, by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and John Munro. Complete in 40 vols. Cloth 9d. net; leather 1s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Happily Dr. Furnivall is a whole-souled Shakespearean, and quietly and rightly ignores all questions as to the authorship of the plays—rightly, because, after all, if there is no convincing proof that Shakespeare wrote the plays, there is certainly no convincing proof that he did not. The latest doubter confesses that one fact which largely shook his faith was the discovery that in his later years Shakespeare developed into something of a money-lender; he had expected to find him many-sided, yet was astonished to find him so various that he even had a money-lending side. Why not trace to this personal weakness his sneaking sympathy with Shylock? Then, of course, there is always that question of Shakespeare's education. "I know half a dozen ancient and modern languages, and have been thoroughly well educated in this direction and in that," the doubters seem to say to themselves, "yet I could never have written these plays; how then could Shakespeare have done it, seeing that he didn't get a tithe of the schooling I have had." They do not allow for his genius. Finding from his writings that he possessed certain knowledge, they take it for granted that he must have known ever so much more than he reveals; when the probability is that, with his nimble wits, he had the knack of making the very utmost of every scrap of learning he could pick up and using it so effectively that it seems to us as if he must have known everything instead of something of everything. His dramas are not great dramas because they display a marvellous acquaintance with books, but because they display a marvellous acquaintance with life; the sort of knowledge that the man in the street gathers and the man in the study loses. He never blunders in matters of poetry, of art, of human character, and his mistakes of chronology and geography are not those of a highly educated person. Your bookish man, crammed with other men's learning, can rarely turn his acquirements to poetical account, and merely remains wisely dumb in a dozen languages, so far as literature is concerned; and it is open to argument whether, if Shakespeare had been hampered with as much book-knowledge as those doubters think the real dramatist must have had, his plays would have been any greater than Ben Jonson's.

The Globe Theatre in 1613.
Frontispiece to "Pericles"—"The Century Shakespeare." (Cassell.)

If the general reader for whom these forty volumes are intended marks in each play the passages that impress and delight him and notes whether what so delights and impresses is some scholastic quality in them or some innate quality of heart and mind and experience of humanity and nature, with which mere scholasticism has very little to do, he will thereafter follow Dr. Furnivall's lead and let all Baconians and other doubters wrangle together and confuse themselves and each other whilst he reads and enjoys and is silent. For my part, I see more reason for believing in Shakespeare than in the people who don't believe in him, and there's an end of it for me. A. ST. J. A.

LATTER-DAY POETS.*

Mr. Bernard Capes's verses are a great relief after the smooth, well-rhymed, delicate nothings which hundreds of University men are producing to-day. They strike no deep or new note, but they have a gesture, an accent, as it were, that removes them from the monotonous well-spoken crowd. Mr. Capes can be playful without comicality, and to do this means a certain robustness along with real feeling, which is a rare combination to-day. Mr. Meredith has it, but not many more. It is the playfulness of Lodge's masterpiece, "Love in my bosom, like a bee." We are delighted to find it in Mr. Capes's six verses on Cupid and a clothes-line. Adulterated by a conceit, but still pleasant, it is in "When Clœlia proved obdurate," and then perfect again, in its own way, in "Cross my hand with a penny bright" and the delicious "Chloe, will you hear me woo?" We will quote this:

"Chloe, will you hear me woo?
That I promise, that I'll do.
I will make thee soft slippers
Of the pretty mouse's ears;
Stockings, just a single pair,
Spun by spiders from the air;
Supple garters lightly wove
Of the springy curls of love;
Gown of lace-wings, hardly felt,
Claspèd with my arms for belt.

"I will graft my thorny drouth
With the sweet slip of thy mouth,
Till thy loveliness shall make
Buds of beauty for my sake.
Like a wild hare in its form,
Chloe, in thy bosom warm,
Sweetly, sweetly, let me lie,
Hearing all the world go by."

The eleventh to fourteenth lines are not perfectly harmonious, perhaps, but the playfulness of the opening and the tender close make a charming whole. There are one or two poems in the book which remind us of Beddoes' "Dream Pedlary" and "Love-in-Idleness." Not that they are borrowed either; but they have a symbolism like the first and a dramatic brevity like the second. Then his children's poems are often very good. "Drowzydoze," a lullaby, and "Her Prayer" are the best. The entirely serious poems are the least attractive and the most like everybody else's, except one, a poem to a woman, wooed of many, never married—

"Such rush-light souls, ignoble flames!
Forget, great ghost, their suit of thee.
But no, thou gav'st them of thy fire;
Their children are the fruit of thee."

Mr. Jack also recalls the Elizabethans, but in a more

* "Amaranthus: A Book of Little Songs." By Bernard Capes. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)—Mathilde: A Play." By Adolphus Alfred Jack. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"New Poems." By St. John Lucas. 5s. net. (Constable.)—"Ariadne Diainomene and other Poems." By E. W. Sutton Pickhardt. 3s. 6d. net. (Mathews.)—"Sacred and Profane Love and other Poems." By Alfred Austin. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan).—"Andrea and other Poems." By Gascoigne Mackie. 1s. net. (B. H. Blackwell).—"New Poems." By R. G. T. Coventry. 3s. 6d. (Mathews.)—"Mont St. Michel and other Poems." By Rowland Thirlmere. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)—"Talmudic Legends, Hymns, and Paraphrases." By Alice Lucas. 2s. net. (Chatto.)—Goethe's "Faust," first part translated into English verse by Sir George Buchanan, with introduction. 2s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

purely antiquarian manner than Mr. Capes. His play takes place in Ferrara in the sixteenth century, and we frankly admit that this prejudices us against it. We have had good Elizabethan drama and also good Elizabethanism long afterwards. We need no more Elizabethanism; we desire it least of all from so able a man as Mr. Jack. One who can so relish the old drama is too good to be thrown away on echoes of it. And well as he writes speech after speech and whole scenes he cannot—who could?—give real life to the whole. It is an interesting, ingenious tale, and the closely knit style keeps us awake, but we hope Mr. Jack will forsake this path.

Messrs. Lucas, Pickhardt, Austin, Mackie, and Coventry might almost be one man. They are all obviously University men who handle nothing which they do not adorn, and usually they do more, they decorate it and over-decorate it until there is nothing of it left. Messrs. Lucas, Mackie, and Coventry, indeed, allow their own characters to show through at times. But too seldom does the reader see a vivid image or hear a human voice as he proceeds. Their gifts are those of the pianist rather than of the composer. Yet that does not fully define their limitations, for though they can play they know not what to play. Mr. Lucas has the widest range of subjects and they represent real affections—for a child, for the Ridgeway in Berkshire, for the "stripling Thames," for Homer, Ronsard, for a dog, for Oxford. The Ridgeway is an excellent subject, and this is how Mr. Lucas writes of it:

> "Let the valley lanes seem good to those
> Who love a guarded way;
> The place of my soul is the wind-scoured down
> Where the red sun burns all day.
> And O the road, the gallant road!
> Let me follow and track my friend,
> The great green snake of turf that glides
> With never a coil nor bend. . . .
>
> "Now some love women, and these are wise;
> And some love ale and wine;
> And the Poet's art is life in the heart,
> But a road is a thing divine.
> Go east, go west, there are roads of the best;
> But of all the roads that be,
> O the royal way, the broad Ridgeway,
> Is king of roads for me!"

"Royal"? No! But it is a pleasant poem and there is not a piece in the book which does not go well with summer ease.

Mr. Pickhardt's book consists of a play on a Greek model and a number of short poems, including many translations from the Greek and from Dante and experiments in classic metres. One of his pieces—significantly—is "a paraphrase from a paraphrase." Mr. Swinburne has had few more brilliant disciples and fewer still who have sacrificed sense so little to the needs of an infinitely varied lyrical play. If you can give yourself up to page after page without a new thought or observation of man or nature, you will find abundant pleasures in these ample and delicate rhythms. It is not possible to do much more with the English dictionary and a sensitive ear and a classical education.

Mr. Austin we know of old. He is a master in this kind. In his poem on "Sacred and Profane Love," the sacred, Uranian love tells him:

> "Vex not your mind with riddles that beguile
> The unwise to wrangle over things unknown,
> 'Tis not for Song to enrage, but reconcile,
> So to the Tower of Babel add no stone."

Well has he obeyed this behest, according to the letter. But according to the spirit—he has added innumerable words to the senseless pile that darkens real poetry and makes it so difficult to come at. He, too, has an ear, though by no means a perfect one. He likes spring and what he calls "England," also Italy and Shakespeare and Mozart. But any one of Mr. Austin's books is better than the twenty or thirty which he has actually written. For their amiable sweetness is their only quality, and that is to be found in all.

Mr. Mackie is a graceful versifier, an observer of nature, and a man of much tender affection and interest. He is narrower than Mr. Lucas and not quite so stately, but for practical purposes he may be said to be the same man. And if it is hard to distinguish Mr. Mackie from Mr. Lucas, it is impossible to distinguish Mr. Coventry from Mr. Mackie. Clever and vainly clever would he be who could attribute to its right author any bunch of lines in this book, such as:

> "Rome is not dead, her language lives,
> And in its music she survives.
> Greece is not dead, whose living page
> Breathes youth between the lips of age.
> They worshipped Beauty, Greece and Rome,
> A house where ruin cannot come."

Mr. Thirlmere is another writer of the same class, but with more exuberance and energy. He calls one of his poems "A Symphony," and it is upon the sounds and colours of words that he relies for his effects. These, when the mind is concentrated upon sound and colour alone, are considerable.

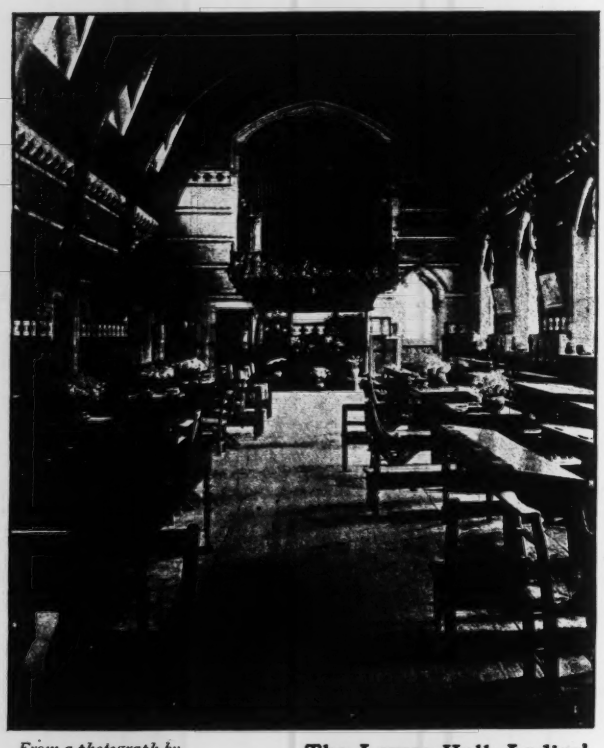
Mrs. Lucas's translations of Talmudic legends and paraphrases from the Psalms are the plainest and most modest kind of verse. They are unskilled, and all that can be said of them is that they are without affectation and without extravagance. Their matter is good, but it might far better have been in prose.

Sir George Buchanan is also perhaps a novice in the use of verse. A lover of poetry would prefer to have a great poem in common prose. But we understand that those who do not care for poetry are impressed by verse, and to them this translation can be recommended as containing all the facts.

A MAKER OF WOMEN.*

The early and middle Victorian age, which we usually dismiss with scorn and pity as a stagnant and unprogressive period, was really a time of remarkable movement, a time of most significant ideas. It produced, among other great influences, that wonderful force whose increasing power we are watching now with mingled fear and hope—the Active Woman. Think of as many remarkable Englishwomen as you can—women, that is, who originated and performed work of their own, and came into the public view—and you will find that the greater number belong to the despised period of respectability, mahogany, and crinolines. They were heroines without advertisement. They broke through the hedge, and crowds now stream through the gap untorn, often, we fear, without a thought of the pioneers who made such progress possible. High in the list of noble women comes the name of Dorothea Beale, who, born in 1831, ruled Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, from 1858 to 1906. In fact, she really created that remarkable institution; for before her appointment its life had been brief and steadily failing. So well did she do her work that the public, or the small portion of it that was interested in school-work, linked her and Miss Buss together as the chief prophets and champions of women's education. The present volume gives a most careful and comprehensive account of her life. "Schoolmasters (says Walter Bagehot) should have an atmosphere of awe, and walk wonderingly as if they were amazed at being themselves." To which we may add as corollary and parenthesis, "especially schoolmistresses." Bagehot had in view the dismal failure of Hartley Coleridge to achieve the due decorum of a don; but he could have derived his dictum more positively from the complete success of Dorothea Beale. Whatever else she did, she never failed to take herself most seriously. The atmosphere of awe is preserved in the rather portentous

* "Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham." By Elizabeth Raikes. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



From a photograph by Miss Bertha Synge.

The Lower Hall, Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

From "Dorothea Beale of Cheltenham." (Constable.)

pages of this volume. Reverence is the right hand of a biographer and humour is the left. We shall sufficiently indicate the merits and defects of the book by saying that Miss Elizabeth Raikes is egregiously right-handed. As a pious record, the volume will be immensely appreciated by all Miss Beale's pupils; but the wider world of people interested in education will be repelled rather than attracted by the figure here solemnly presented. This is a pity; for no teacher, no member of a school committee, should leave the volume unread. Miss Beale had learning enough, but she proves in her person the most important truth that what a teacher knows is of little account compared with what a teacher is. There is an unfortunate tendency on the part of education authorities to demand from teachers knowledge rather than character. It is of course essential that teachers should have sufficient knowledge for their work (though there are certain schools in which even this necessity is overlooked); but what is vastly more important is that teachers should have that personal and peculiar gift, the power to influence and inspire. Pupils occasionally come into contact with a teacher's knowledge—they come constantly into contact with a teacher's personality; they may perhaps be influenced by a teacher's information—they will certainly be influenced by a teacher's disposition. But this influence, all-important as it is, has its dangers. There is a letter of Miss Beale's that I should like to quote in full, a letter that every teacher should read and ponder. Those who have had to teach girls will be aware of a curious tendency in their charges—a tendency which is quite strong, even when adult age is reached—to become sentimentally attached to their teachers and to cling to them in a spirit of fatuous idolatry. A teacher of strong character and common-sense will check this tendency, and lead it into useful and healthy channels; but unfortunately there are weaker persons who become intoxicated by the incense of worship, and accept it eagerly. Miss Beale's admirable letter should be both a warning and a guide in this matter. Indeed, the volume is full of suggestion—full, too, of instructive glimpses of a noble life-work.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE WISDOM OF "MERLIN."*

Few writers outlive the fame of a novelist to achieve the popularity of a journalist. Yet David Christie Murray did this. It is not the author of those capital stories, "Joseph's Coat" and "A Life's Atonement," but rather "Merlin" of the *Referee* whom the present generation has known and greeted. And it is the best of Merlin's work, some sixty articles in all, gathered up carefully from the files of the *Referee*, that is now set before us—haply to postpone for a brief season the inevitable oblivion that awaits the journalism of our day. A wide range of topics is covered in these "Guesses at Truths," and, naturally enough, we find thoughts and phrases repeated, and ideas and fancies recurring. The wonder is that there is not more repetition, that in these writings so much diversity is to be found. Tariff Reform and Socialism, Imperialism and the Mercantile Marine, Dreams and Spiritualism, Books and their Authors—on all these subjects (and many others) "Merlin" writes, and writes well; and the note of the writing is sincerity—a sincerity unmistakable. He believes in the Immortality of the Soul, in the Divinity that shapes our ends, in the Ultimate Decency of Things, in the life to come no less than the life now. Haeckel for him has by no means said the last word on the Riddle of the Universe. And next to the strong religious feeling in these "Guesses" comes the sure conviction of England's real greatness, its power for good in the world. He is alive to our social diseases, our national failings—no man is less of a Pharisee, but he believes in England through and through, with a brave and cheerful faith. Withal these "Guesses at Truths" are the work of a large-hearted, tolerant, kindly, and cultivated man, who has travelled much, mixed with many folks, known sorrow, had a full share of the troubles of life, and remains to the end loyal to the progress of mankind, an optimist not to be gainsaid. There is no great display of wit or humour, there is neither startling paradox nor profundity nor originality in the book, but there is a generous outlook on life and a broad, wholesome view of man and his destiny.

PSYCHOLOGY ON SHIPBOARD.†

This is Mr. Masefield's first novel. He had written sea-poetry, and two volumes of sailors' tales, and several plays, and more than one book on maritime subjects; he had edited, with a full-blooded preface, Reynolds' "Peter Corcoran"; but, until this book, he had not written a novel. Every variety of his work had shown such unhampered courage in technique that, though it was possible that in the novel his wonderful gift would find a form that did not fit it, it was most improbable that even a failure should not be extraordinarily interesting as a piece of craftsmanship. "Captain Margaret" is anything but a failure, and it is a sea-novel of a kind entirely new.

When a landsman writes a book about the sea, he talks of little else. Waves roll and break, rocks pierce the waters, and, for fear the reader should forget that he is not on land, every chapter contains a panegyric on the ocean. But there is very little sea in "Peter Simple" or in "Captain Margaret." Sailors remember only that they are on board ship, and take the sea for granted. Captain Marryat, taking the picaresque novel on ship-board, sticks close to his midshipman and his ship; and now Mr. Masefield, in the much more daring task of shipping the psychological novel, finds the ship sufficient. Neither Marryat nor Masefield lose anything by their limitation. The events of this story, set between bow and stern of a small ship, have a savour of shipboard that they would lose if enacted in the larger space between sunrise and sunset over

* "Guesses at Truths." By David Christie Murray. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

† "Captain Margaret." By John Masefield. 6s. (Richards.)

the ocean, as a landsman would describe them. In any large setting men are ants, and Marryat's picaresque methods and Masefield's psychological would not be interesting done from the further end of a telescope.

The story is that of four characters in a small ship sailing to the Spanish Main.

"She was a small ship (only five hundred tons), built of aromatic cedar, and like all wooden ships she would have looked ungainly, had not her great beam, and the height of her afterworks, given her a majesty, something of the royal look which all ships have in some proportion. The virtue of man had been busy about her. An artist's heart, hungry for beauty, had seen the idea of her in a dream; she had her counterpart in the kingdom of vision. There was a spirit in her, as there is in all things fashioned by the soul of man; not a spirit of beauty, not a spirit of strength, but the spirit of her builder, a Peruvian Spaniard. She had the impress of her builder in her, a mournful state, a kind of buttered grandeur, a likeness to a type of manhood."

This is the setting for the drunken coarseness of Stukeley, flying from justice, the delicate-minded loyalty of his wife, the rough decency of Cammock, the ex-pirate who commands the vessel, and for Captain Margaret, the owner, as much poet as sailor, who, in love with Mrs. Stukeley, risks himself and his ship to help her husband to escape a forger's rope, and shields her throughout from knowledge of the truth. These four characters, with the attendant Perrin, sailing to Darien, are the material of a novel of extraordinary interest. The book, however, is no novel of mathematical analysis. The events that occur in the minds of the characters—their mental adventures—are visualised in action.

It is a modern psychological novel set on shipboard in the sixteenth century. Mr. Masefield does not attempt to give the psychology a sixteenth-century flavour, and he makes a perfectly justifiable use of modern language. He never tries to use dialogue for purposes of local colour; and, while upholstered talk very easily stiffens, this naked direct speech stiffens never at all. His sixteenth-century sailors speak like men of to-day, and are alive, although in the midst of their conversation the mention of green-slashed sleeves comes sometimes as a shock. If the dialogue is to be kept free without losing atmosphere, the descriptive passages must be spread so evenly and thickly that the reader never has time to forget that when, for example, Captain Margaret says:

"Because there was no one on shipboard, except a few inferiors, who could console him. He could not confide in you. He had lied to you. We were not his sort. There was no one else to whom he could turn,"

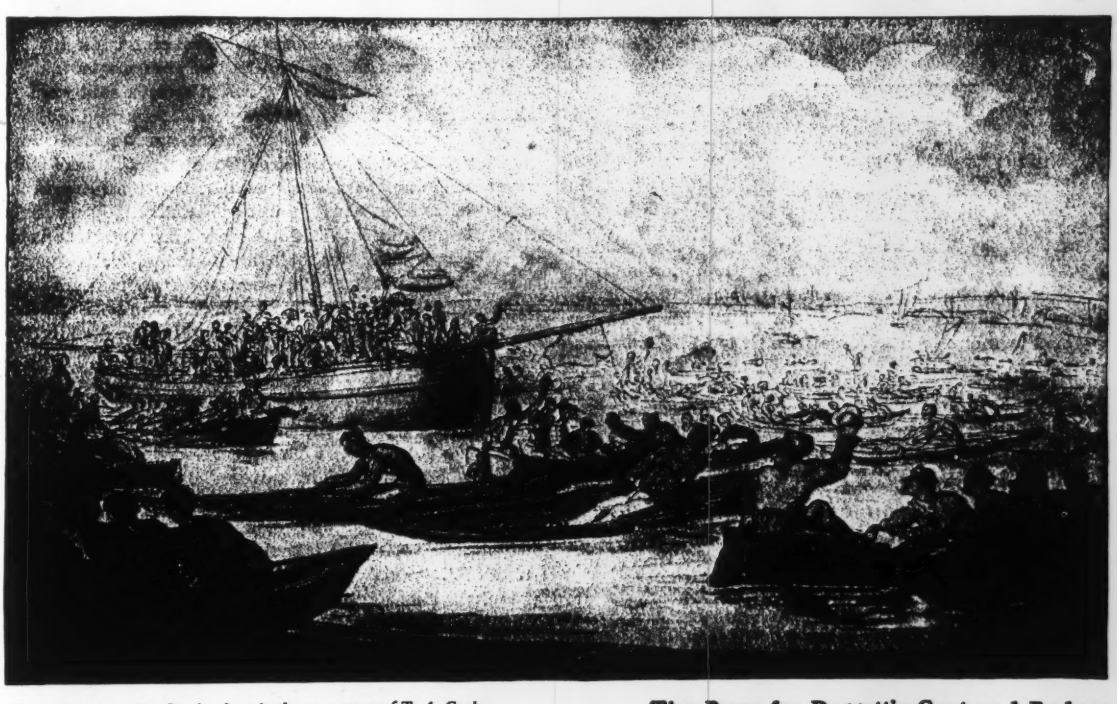
he says it out of a sixteenth-century costume, in the cabin of a painted ship of cedar-wood, built before the Armada. Mr. Masefield has, perhaps, been a little afraid of overloading his book with description; but his choice of an unencumbered speech really left it almost impossible for him to put on too much. The portrait of the *Broken Heart* that I have quoted is enough to show how delicate a feeling for colour he has at his command.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

A FAMOUS SPORTING EVENT.*

A great deal of information which will interest others besides sporting men is to be found in this volume dealing with the life of Thomas Doggett and with the famous race for the Coat and Badge which he instituted. Although nearly two hundred years have elapsed since Doggett founded the competition—probably in 1716—with the injunction that "it will be continued annually on the same day for ever," there is no sign that public interest is waning in this event, which "is older than the oldest regular aquatic contest by over a century, and more ancient than any annual sporting event by sixty years; for the University Boat Race began in 1829, and the St. Leger (which antedates both the Derby and the Oaks) was only instituted in 1776." The book falls into two broad halves. In part one Mr. T. A. Cook (himself an old "Blue") describes "the man," and it will readily be acknowledged that he has made the most of his interesting though somewhat scanty material. Thomas Doggett was born, Mr. Cook

* "Thomas Doggett, Deceased." By T. A. Cook and G. Nickalls. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)



From the original by Rowlandson in the possession of T. A. Cook.

The Race for Doggett's Coat and Badge: Near the Middle of the Course.

From "Thomas Doggett, Deceased: A Famous Comedian." (Constable.)

thinks, nearer 1650 than 1670 in Castle Street, Dublin, and, after roughing it in "the provinces" for some years, appeared at Drury Lane in 1691. As an actor he had a great reputation, and won the admiration of such men, amongst others, as Addison and Steele. In contradistinction to the biting description of Garrick by Goldsmith, Dibdin said of Doggett that his acting was "so chaste and his manners in private life so well bred that *he never chose to be the actor anywhere but on the stage*, yet his company was warmly sought after by persons of rank and taste." He played with Mrs. Bracegirdle and other celebrities of the day in the principal dramas, and seems to have excelled especially as Fondlewife in Congreve's "The Old Batchelor." That he was of a pugnacious disposition is evident from the notorious dispute which dissolved his long partnership with Wilks and Cibber, but as Mr. Cook points out in reference to one of these disputes, there was nothing really malicious in his sulking, and he tells an excellent story of how an emissary sent down to Norfolk to fetch Doggett back to London was so impressed by the comedian's good humour and the excellent dinners he ordered all along the road at the expense of "the Law" that Doggett easily won his case. In describing the history of the race Mr. Guy Nickalls has had the somewhat tedious task of searching through the sporting press of the eighteenth century for much of the fresh information which he has discovered. The task, however, must have had its consolations. In the year 1782, for example, we read how the competitors "started about 2 o'clock and three of them kept together till they got to Lambeth, when one began to get ahead and was soon followed by a second. These two kept pretty nearly abreast of each other till they came pretty nigh the goal when the first man's scull split, which retarded him so much that the second man got in first." The race, in fact, seems to have led to some rowdyism, for we read of an ironmonger in Southwark having his skull fractured by a bottle being thrown at him when the Coat and Badge were being rowed for, and sometimes watermen deliberately obstructed the competitors. It is not always the best compliment to say that the illustrations enhance the value of a book, but in this case there should be no misunderstanding, and Mr. Cook does not claim too much when he says that the pictures will throw a valuable light upon many points hitherto in dispute.

NAPOLEON'S ENCHANTRESS.*

Legend, largely inspired no doubt by the Court of the Third Empire, has contrived curiously to idealise the character and career of Napoleon's first Empress. Playwrights, poets, and their kind have converted the indolent and pleasure-seeking Creole into a heroine of romance, have presented her as the loving, long-suffering, and virtuous wife, whose consent to a divorce from her great lord was the final proof of an affection that was as self-sacrificing as it was profound; just as the artist who pictured her in stone in the square of Fort-de-France softened her profile and exaggerated her charms. Mr. Philip Sergeant, in the opening pages of the monograph which he has devoted to the Empress Josephine, quotes the poetical eulogy which this statue moved Lafcadio Hearn to pen on its subject, and reminding us that the real woman never appeared without her rouge and thick coating of powder, and spent three hours in her dressing-room every morning at the task of labouring to be beautiful, says we could scarcely have better conveyed to us the idea of the Josephine of romance as opposed to the Josephine of history. It is with the Josephine of history that he sets himself to deal, and he is to be congratulated on having avoided the vices of too many modern biographers. His book, it is true, can lay no claim to original research; it is one of those "lives" that do no more than popularise the labours of historians, for which there seems an unceasing demand nowadays. But at any rate Mr. Sergeant refuses to whitewash his heroine, at any rate he resists the temptation to serve up a dish of scandal. With a full sense of responsibility he endeavours to paint the woman as she was with all her faults and with, what she must have possessed also, her singular fascination; and if in following her progress he has to discuss some unsavoury stories and to weigh rather nicely in the balance something more than indiscretion, something less than innocence, he makes all possible allowance for malice, jealousy, and uncharitableness in the insinuations of her contemporaries.

But, even when the libels of her enemies have been discounted, it must be confessed that often enough she gave them their opportunity, and there are certainly passages in her life and phases of her nature which no one but a partisan could attempt to excuse. There is a suggestion of the woman "on the make" about Josephine's earlier history, and yet it was not force of character that lifted her ultimately into fame. A mere chapter of accidents alone rendered possible her escape from her West Indian birthplace to the great world of France, and only the death of a young sister brought about her marriage with the pedant and doctrinaire, Alexandre de Beauharnais. A neglected, but apparently at that time rather stupid, wife, it was not till the guillotine had robbed her of her first husband that Josephine seemed to develop charm, and with charm in the days of the Directory went generally emancipation from moral restraints. The "Veuve Beauharnais" did not waste over-much time in mourning her dead husband's fate, and all the evidence goes to show that in the year 1795 she was receiving sums of money from Barras and acting as his mistress. Then came the meeting with Napoleon Bonaparte and his offer of marriage after but a month's acquaintance. It is only too evident that Josephine, conscious, at thirty-two years of age, of fading looks and shrewd enough to see that the young soldier had a future, snatched desperately at the proposal as at a last chance, and took advantage of her lover's infatuation. The affection was all on his side—rarely can a woman have received such passionate love-letters as he sent her on his Italian Campaign; and she refused to join him, neglected writing to him, or else sent replies which Napoleon said were "cold as fifty and like those of fifteen years of married life," would read out passages from his protestations to friends, remarking the while, "Il est drôle, Bonaparte!" and when he returned home complained that he was "all day in adoration" before her, as if she were a divinity. It is suspicious, also, that she maintained after her marriage close intimacy with Barras, and there is no doubting that she proved unfaithful to her husband—perhaps in more cases than one—while he was absent in Egypt. "If only I am the first to see him," she said when she heard he was back in France, "he will throw himself into my arms." But her brothers-in-law reached Napoleon in front of her, and she was within an ace of being divorced ten years in advance of the actual time. Her tears conquered Bonaparte's anger, but her success was not won without a price. She never deceived her husband again; he never showed her the ardour of the earlier stage of their union. Henceforward it was she who had to complain of coldness, of slackness in correspondence, of infidelity, it was she who waxed jealous, suffered, and wept.

What was her hold on Napoleon? Mr. Sergeant, like many another student of the Consulate and First Empire, does not find an answer to the question easy. That her husband's affection for her was never seriously impaired is obvious from his having her crowned and consecrated by his side in Paris, and by the tenderness with which, according to his lights, he treated her after the divorce.

* "The Empress Josephine, Napoleon's Enchantress." By Philip W. Sergeant. 2 vols. (Hutchinson & Co.)

Josephine.

From a sketch by David for his picture of the Coronation.

From "The Empress Josephine." (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Sergeant opines that "she remained to him the type of womanhood with whom all other specimens compared poorly," and asks with no little humour, "Did not even his admiration for rouge — and tears — come from Josephine?" Perhaps the biographer is right in dwelling on the evenness of her temper, her deference to her husband's wishes, her cheerful performance of all her social duties, her tirelessness in conciliating those who could be of use to him, as qualities which recommended her to the Emperor's regard. Perhaps, too, he is right in thinking the strongest tie between them was Napoleon's belief that his wife had grown to love him. "Good woman, good Josephine!" was the epitaph he pronounced over her grave, "she loved me truly." In a way perhaps he spoke the truth, though the affections of Josephine were too diffused to possess much intensity. To quote Mr. Sergeant:

> "She loved too many things to love anything much. Flowers, animals, children, young and amusing persons, claimed her regard so strongly that her heart was another Malmaison in the incongruous variety of objects for which it found room.

Even her own children reversed the natural relations of parent and offspring and treated her as a charge to be looked after and protected. Moreover, any love she had for Napoleon did not prevent her from pouring out such grievances as she had against him to her companions or servants, or deceiving him about her endless debts, or giving a ready ear to the critics and foes of his *régime*. Perhaps he did not mind her being in debt, because it made her more dependent on his bounty. Perhaps he liked her explosions of jealousy, as he seems to have enjoyed her tears, as a tribute to his manhood. He cannot have been wholly ignorant that the worst calumnies urged against him by the Royalists had their source in Josephine's rash outbursts of chagrin; possibly these also were to his thinking proofs of her love. Perhaps in essentials he was a domestic person as in public life he was a formalist, and Josephine had become a habit. However his devotion may be explained, Mr. Sergeant seems justified in summing up the case as follows:

> "Although Josephine commenced her life with Napoleon by grossly betraying the most passionate affection of which actual records remain in history; although her own love which she ultimately developed for him was a strange compound of fascinated submission to a dominating will and an eager clinging to the provider of her riches; although she robbed him with his servants, and discussed him disloyally with his enemies; although to present a really black picture of his character we need only go to her recorded utterances about him—in spite of all this, we must not forget that Napoleon never ceased, to the end of his days, to speak of the perfect happiness which she had given him in their life together. If she had been the most devoted and virtuous of wives, could any husband have said more for her?"

Bonaparte himself described her as "*la grazia in persona*," and added in his characteristically coarse way that she was "graceful even as she went to bed." Her charm then for him was her gracefulness; let us leave it at that.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE YEAR OF THE FOUR EMPERORS.*

The title of this volume suggests a large theme, but the reader will find, not without surprise, that its scope is of the narrowest. Mr. Henderson, in fact, deals only with the events of a single year, and he deals even with these less in the broad spirit of a historian than as a minute critic of military operations. With those larger issues which make the year 69 A.D.—"the year of the Four Emperors"—memorable in history, he has little concern, and about that "rebellion" in Judæa, which has a supreme interest for the whole Western world, he says nothing, but he is bent on demonstrating that the greatest of Roman historians is wholly ignorant of the meaning of "strategy." Accordingly he takes the account given by Tacitus in the "Histories" of the struggle between Otho and Vitellius, of that between Vitellius and Vespasian, and of the campaign against Civilis, and examines it at length "by the aid of, and as illustrative of, modern strategical principles." His conclusion is that the narrative, being chiefly founded on "camp gossip," is both "inadequate and short-sighted," but whether he has, or has not, made out his case is a question which to those who admire Tacitus will have little attractiveness. That master spirit had other aims than to leave to posterity an exact estimate of the generalship of an Otho, a Valens, or a Cæcina. The campaigns of Alexander, of Hannibal, or of Cæsar may justly require from the historian some close study of the military art, but to explore the feeble and dubious strategy of obscure leaders was not a task for the pen of Tacitus. He is, indeed, compelled to pursue the weary record of war and butchery, but, until Mr. Henderson discovered the fact, who would have dreamed that "perhaps his chief interest" is for the military student? Rather, while the world lasts, men will turn to the "Histories" not merely because of their splendid eloquence or their marvellous portraiture, but rather to study in them those moral causes which undermine and destroy empires, and which are set out by Tacitus with the insight of a philosopher, the clearness of a dramatist, and the impassioned indignation of a patriot. It is as a great writer, a great moralist, and a great man that his immortality is secure, and though he fails to supply a text-book for army examinations or to satisfy academic critics of the art of war, his reputation remains uninjured. But the writer of this volume thinks otherwise, for he has learned to use the word "strategy." In the brief compass of two pages he employs it eleven times; he talks of "the strategy of exhaustion," "the strategy of annihilation," "the strategy of masterly inactivity," and a dozen other strategies with the easiest fluency; he knows that "a strategy of defence may be executed by a tactical offensive as well as by a tactical defensive," and he informs us that "the tide of warfare ebbs and flows on an ocean which is studded with strategical objectives." The last splendid phrase is, indeed, not Mr. Henderson's own, but an aphorism quoted by him from some unknown authority. It may serve, however, to show the superiority of the moderns to the ancients, for it is certain that neither Tacitus nor any classical writer could have composed so remarkable a sentence. But Tacitus, at any rate, in addition to leaving us "a large rubbish-heap of 'military' judgments," was, it seems, only a poor master of language. After referring to a speech made by a Roman general, called Vocula, in the remote town of Novæsium, Mr. Henderson asserts that the report of it is authentic, for "the historian," he assures us, "however great a master of the sham rhetoric of the schools, could hardly have invented a speech which breathes so passionate a scorn." Totally ignoring the well-known fact that ancient historians place whatever words they think fittest in the mouths of speakers—occasionally, of course, with

* "Civil War and Rebellion in the Roman Empire." By B. W. Henderson, Sub-Rector and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

some knowledge of what was actually spoken—he argues that the speech ascribed to an obscure general must be genuine just because it is dramatically appropriate. "This is good," he says, "and therefore it is not Tacitus," thus at once begging his argument, and defying the judgment of the whole world, which to this moment never denied to Tacitus the possession of "a passionate scorn," and which has yet to learn, as Mr. Henderson states two pages later, that he was only "a stilted pleader at a decadent Bar." To such a verdict there is, assuredly, no reply. It can be received only in astonishment and silence. But the reader who, not being "a man of war from his youth," cannot pronounce an expert opinion on Mr. Henderson's military criticisms, may reasonably wonder whether a classical lecturer, who takes up a literary position which is so obviously indefensible, can be safely trusted when he accuses Tacitus of complete ignorance of the art of war.

T. E. PAGE.

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.*

Platitudes enshrine truths, though they often deface that which they enshrine, and we need not fear to reiterate the truism that, from the days of David and Jonathan onward, the friendship of one man to another has been one of the most beautiful things in all this strange, beautiful world. Such a friendship lives in this fascinating volume. We learn to know Lafcadio Hearn with penetrating intimacy—an intimacy which reveals to us how much of the inner sanctuary of his subtle and elusive selfhood will ever remain *un*revealed; but what a flame of faithful and sincere lovingness burns there upon the altar!

Indirectly also, we learn through these letters more than a little of Henry Watkin, the noble old man who befriended Hearn in the days when he was an ugly, inarticulate, forsaken boy, with no passport to the hearts of his fellowmen except the inscrutable signature of personality and the added appeal of his lonely poverty—befriended him and, through all his waywardness, poured forth on him such trust and affection as made him, not a protégé, but a comrade and an equal and something more. "The boy," we read, "by virtue of his dark hair and colouring, the gloomy cast of his thoughts, his deep love for Poe, was known as 'The Raven,' and in the clever and very various little sketches of the bird with which he signs his letters to Henry Watkin, he contrives his somewhat wistful sense of his own outward unattractiveness."

The letters to an unknown lady—written on a far more formal and fastidious level—add a distinct note to his own half-unconscious self-delineation, in their chivalrous and generous evasiveness toward one who—a very different person from Prosper Mérimée's *Inconnue*—is at times, we suspect, not a little embarrassing. The small volume, therefore, in addition to the admirable introductory sketch by Mr. Milton Bronner, frames a kind of triptych which includes the letters to Henry Watkin, the letters to the fair unknown, and extracts from certain newspaper letters in which the writer had concealed his identity under that of Ozias Midwinter.

The editor speaks of Hearn as having, in what he wrote for publication, "every attribute of a great writer save humour"; but in these private scribbles to Henry Watkin the spirit of fun, lurking in his shy, sensitive nature, bubbled over even through his bitterest melancholy, and some of the letters are as humorous as they are sad. "The world," says the writer of the Preface, "had dealt him some very hard blows"; but may we not add that the hardships seem after all to have been

"Machinery just meant
To give (his) soul its bent";

for, through these playful, bewitching, yet sometimes half tragic letters, the history and growth of a soul unconsciously gleams forth. The failures, struggles, lonely heresies, even the hunger and the five-cent dinners—with rare pluck he at one time invented and "ran" a five-cent eating-house—all encountered by him, we divine, with a spirited gaze on the vague eternities above and beyond them, a determination that, whatever else he sold, he would never sell his soul—these were melting and hammering him into that of which Noguchi wrote:

"Truly he was a delicate, easily broken Japanese vase, old as the world, beautiful as a cherry blossom. Alas! that wonderful vase was broken! He is no more with us. Surely we could better lose two or three battleships at Port Arthur than Lafcadio Hearn."

ANNIE MATHESON.

* "Letters from the Raven: Lafcadio Hearn." 5s. (Archibald Constable & Co.)

EASTERN STORIES.*

A collector of folk-lore who does not happen to be a skilled folk-lorist is by that the better fitted to make a good book. The best material is pressed and dried by the folk-lorist into "books that are no books, Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back," and all the rest of Lamb's delicious list of montrosities. He turns bread to stone before our eyes, and is proud of it. Mr. Hanaver (may Allah smile upon him!) is not a folk-lorist. His volume of wise tales and quaint tales and distortions of history ("distortion" did we say?—no, fairy-story improvements) is marred by no theories, no reminders that this story has a parallel here, and this other a variant somewhere else. He speaks not as the scribes, but as a fortunate human being to whom people in turbans have told most wonderful things. His stories all came to him by word of mouth, and on paper they still retain that pleasant intimate savour. The reader never feels that the author regards his tales as so many interesting trifles, for classification and discussion. No; the very gusto of the book makes it clear that they are as real to him as the "Arabian Nights" to healthy children. Occasionally he may mention a European tale, but so seldom, and so perfunctorily, in a book whose every page contains an opportunity, as only to heighten that reverential feeling that identifies him with the *fellahin* who sat before him and talked while he listened.

The book is alive with the true story-telling spirit that will not allow a listener to do anything but open his mouth, laugh under his breath for fear of interrupting, and, at the end of each tale, ask for another. Although parallels and side-issues kept suggesting themselves all the time, it was not until the last page was turned that it was possible even to pretend to be a folk-lorist. When with some difficulty the feat was achieved, the book took a new interest without losing the old.

It is only possible to mention a few of the parallels that refused to be forgotten. There is a Blue-Beard, who has a more intricate tale and a more elaborate psychology than those of our old friend, and actually kills himself at the end. There is a Cinderella, and there is a cunning simpleton called Goliha who is the twin brother of Little Claus. And apart from nursery tales, there is a version of our old story of Cherry of Lennor, which has another parallel in a Scandinavian story of a woman of Skums-stadir. A *fellahin* cursed an old she-toad, who happened to be a Jan, with the result that she was hurried away at night to assist the Jan in childbirth. She stayed as nurse to the little Jan, and put some of the kohl, that it was her duty to apply to the little fellow's eyes, in her own. On being dismissed, she

* "Folk-lore of the Holy Land." By J. B. Hanaver. 8s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

was paid with scraps of onion-peel that changed into gold pieces. Some time afterwards, walking in the bazaar, she saw the mother Jan pilfering from the stalls. She spoke to her, and bent and kissed the baby Jan, to the great surprise of the onlookers, who saw her kissing empty air. The mother Jan cried out angrily at being seen by her, and blinded her by poking a finger into the eye that had been touched with fairy kohl. This is almost exactly the tale of Cherry of Lennor, and of the Skums-stadir girl.

To notice a later influence from the East, we have only to turn in the book to the tale of a boasting pigeon who subdued his wife by threatening to kick over King Solomon's palace, and when Solomon rebuked him, explained to her that the great King had been begging him not to do it. The two pigeons were turned into stone, but the tale is the germ of a wise and capricious fairy-story that has another ending, is called "The Butterfly that Stamped," and was written by Mr. Kipling.

There is an interesting comparison possible between the Scandinavian account of the origin of elves and that given in this book of the birth of the Jan. The Northern tale tells how God visited Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and paid them compliments on those of their children whom Eve exhibited. He asked if there were any more, and as Eve had not yet washed the others, she said "No"; whereupon God replied, "That which has been hid from Me shall also be hid from man," and those other children became invisible, and their descendants, living in hills and caves, are the elves that everybody knows. Mr. Hanaver's story is different. Eve used to bring forth forty children at a time, and as she could not be bothered to nurse them all, picked out the best twenty on each occasion, and threw the rest away, always telling Adam that she had only had a score. Adam knew her, and therefore prayed Allah to let any she had thrown away live underground and go abroad at night, "and thus the Jan came into being."

In noticing the many counterparts these tales have in European folk-lore, we are driven to wonder what are the characteristics that make up the atmosphere of story-telling that is so easily recognised as Oriental. It is certainly not a question of local colour alone. The substitution of ointment for kohl is not enough to make Cherry belong to Lennor in the way she does, and the resubstitution of kohl is not enough to make her a *fellahin* of Palestine. We cannot answer the question. But there are some points about Oriental story-telling that can be noticed at once. For one thing, it is more logical than European, and more capricious in its logic. Karnkarl, on hearing that a man he had sentenced to be hung from his own door had a door too low for the purpose, replied simply, "Then hang the first short man you can find." There is something essentially and absurdly logical in that sentence, and it is the keynote of a great part of Oriental story-telling. It is more ruthless than ours: witness the difference in the character of Eve as given in the two tales. It has a different humour: witness the tale of a man who, when his house was on fire, absent-mindedly pitched his mother-in-law out of the window, and tenderly carried her bed to safety in his arms. "It was agreed that he had done wisely." No modern tale could have finished like that.

DREAMS AND FANTASIES.*

Hoffmann—Gautier—Poe—the three are symbolical in romantic literature of the fantastic, the wild, the wonderful, and the gorgeous. They are three master spirits who, with magic wand, conjure up before us new worlds, rending the veil behind the commonplace and prosaic to disclose the "shining, shifting Sovranties of Dream." Yet is there little real likeness between these three. Each had two personalities, the man and the artist, and in their art they bore to one another as little resemblance as in their lives. Hoffmann might, with some show of reason, have been called mad. Poe, though characterised contemptuously, by his countrymen at least, as a drunken and drug-taking crank, was a gentle, inoffensive soul, whose spirit craved naturally for the delights of domesticity and a quiet, peaceful life. Gautier alone was a complete man; a "solid man," glorying in the description of a friend that summed him up as "fat, jovial, and sanguinary." He was "a kindly bear . . . who was always called by his Christian name, and delighted in astonishing his friends with outbursts of genius served up in a joyous obscenity." To compare their methods, one might set down Hoffmann as a type of the old school of story-teller, as a man with a story to tell who told it in his own way; Poe was almost the first to choose an effect and then think out a story to produce it; Gautier's way was different too, less ambitious perhaps, but calling for fully as much genius in the achievement. His was "the art of making dreams come true." Poe was ever a conscious craftsman, with a technique more elaborate than any writer had either dared or cared to formulate: Hoffmann "started anywhere, and managed to produce his effect by the hypnotism of personal feeling." He "played on his own nerves," writing with a trembling pen, "while his wife held his other hand to keep him from forgetting that there was a homely world whose emotions were less terrible than those he at once described and experienced." "Fancy," as Mr. Ransome declares, "was at once Poe's servant and Hoffmann's master." And Gautier, what of him? He did but chronicle, in perfect prose it is true, the adventures of "an Oriental and antique projection of himself."

Théophile Gautier.
From "Stories by Gautier." (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

* "Stories by Hoffmann," "Stories by Gautier," "Stories by Poe." Edited, with Introductions, by Arthur Ransome. 1s. net each. (Jack.)

These little volumes of stories form in themselves a literary treasure of rare jewels, and Mr. Ransome's critical introductions double their value. One needs an educated taste to appreciate things that are exquisitely and artistically perfect—pictures, melodies, old wine, beautiful women even, and cameos of literature like these before us. Poe, perhaps, is coming into his kingdom, but Gautier, to English readers, is little more than a name, Hoffmann is nothing more. The three essays that here introduce their work will suggest something that is new to those, and they are not many, who have thought that they knew already most that was worth knowing of these three. Readers to whom the beauties of these authors are fresh will find Mr. Ransome's forcible and graceful expositions invaluable.

Hoffmann—Gautier—Poe—all had "their dreams, from which they wove a Paradise." "Gautier's work," says Mr. Ransome, and the remark applies with almost equal effect to the other two, "was the construction of a Paradise for himself in which other people were allowed to walk. His stories are a substitute for opium and haschish, and take us into a world like that of old romance and myth, where we meet our own souls walking in strange clothes." Hoffmann, Gautier, and Poe, all "starved on dreams, and found them good." Mr. Ransome quotes Santayana, that "art, so long as it needs to be a dream, will never cease to be a disappointment." "We leave a story of Gautier," he says, as indeed we leave a story of Hoffmann or a fantasy of Poe's, "as we leave the Mabinogion, or the Morte d'Arthur, or the Volsunga Saga, or a book of fairy-tales. We have to readjust ourselves before meeting the difficulties of life." Against Santayana he puts Mahomet: "If any man have two loaves, let him sell one, and buy flowers of the white narcissus, for the one is food for the body, and the other is food for the soul."

The Gautier stories that have been chosen for illustration are "Clarimonde," "The Mummy's Foot," and "King Candaules," and one's interest increases on finding them in Lafcadio Hearn's translation. Now Hearn, particularly at the time he undertook his lovingly laborious translations from the French, had an altogether indifferent knowledge of that language, a fact that explains not only the one or two rather surprising lapses in accurate rendering of the original, but, what is far more important, the beautifully exact transference of the author's spirit that is only possible to one not too familiar with the language from which he is translating. This may sound paradoxical, but it is a fact that a translator equally familiar with both languages in which he is dealing is the last person who should be chosen for such a task.

Hoffmann, to whom music, drawing, and literature were the same art, who could express himself almost equally well in any of the three, who called his first writings "Fantasy-Pieces after the manner of Callot" (the seventeenth-century artist), and published them in a musical paper, is represented by "The Cremona Violin" and "Mademoiselle de Scudéry"; Poe by the better known "Masque of the Red Death," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Oval Portrait," and three other tales.

The thought which prompted the summarised chronology of each author's life and works that stands before the introduction was a good one, and almost a better was that which resulted in the inclusion of Miss Gavin's clever and vivid frontispiece portraits.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.*

This book is the record of work done by a gifted and public-spirited man, who laboured for more than sixty years in various popular and unpopular causes. Mr. Goss has taken all possible pains to give us a complete bibliography, and, not content with a full list of Holyoake's fugitive pieces, has even included the attacks, replies, and criticisms of Holyoake's opponents. A born controversialist, George Jacob Holyoake raised the dust of debate on many a subject that time has mercifully disposed of, and to the end was ever a fighter. Mr. Goss recalls the memory of these debates and battles: debates with Christians and atheists (Holyoake would never admit that secularism was identical with atheism), battles in support of free speech and free thought. Of all the causes Holyoake championed, to the co-operative movement, perhaps, he rendered most service. Inspired by Robert Owen, though always willing to point out the deficiencies of that great man, Holyoake as far back as 1841 wrote in support of Trades Unionism, and in 1858 published his first book on the Rochdale pioneers. In 1906, when death was near, he was able to attend to the publication of a new and revised edition of his "History of Co-operation." Apart from all the anti-theological, the political, and the social writings, quite a number of simple educational works—dealing with grammar, mathematics, and logic, and attempting to explain the mysteries of words and alphabets to children—were published by Holyoake more than fifty years ago, when children's books were not quite so plentiful or delightful as they are to-day. Holyoake never went into Parliament. He never got beyond being a "prospective candidate." Always some man of money was preferred before him when the election approached. It may be his Liberalism was too robust and too independent for party purposes, but there is something at fault in our politics when men like Holyoake cannot even offer themselves for election.

The biographical part of the book gives the reader a sympathetic and reliable narrative of George Jacob Holyoake's long and eventful life, and should be of use to all who have not time for Holyoake's autobiography—the "Sixty Years' of an Agitator's Life." We do not entirely share the views of Mr. Goss concerning the old differences between Holyoake and Bradlaugh, but the merits or demerits of that ancient dispute are no longer of interest. The good of both these remarkable men lives after them, and the rest is of no account.

* "A Descriptive Bibliography of the Writings of George Jacob Holyoake," with a Brief Sketch of his Life. By Chas. Wm. F. Goss. 5s. net. (Crowther & Goodman.)

QUEEN VICTORIA.*

It cannot be said that these three works have any great value. Mr. Frank Hird, in the preface to "Victoria the Woman," explains that his book in no way purports to be a complete life of Queen Victoria, nor does he, in his modesty, even claim that it is a complete study of her character; but it takes us through her life in four hundred pages of large type, and to those who are not versed in the chronicles of her reign it may be acceptable. It contains a characteristic letter, not, we believe, previously printed, from her late Majesty to Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, written shortly after the death of her youngest son, the Duke of Albany, in 1884:

"Dear Ronald," it runs, "not knowing where you might be I did not at once answer your kind, feeling letter, which touched me much. Yes, God has taken most away who were my dearest, as well as those whom I most needed as helps and comforts, and I am sorely stricken indeed. This is but a pilgrimage, a great struggle, and not our real home, and we may say with those beautiful lines:

'So long Thy power has blessed me, sure Thou still
Wilt lead me on

* "Victoria the Woman." By Frank Hird. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)—"Victoria Regina: Her Court and her Subjects, from her Accession to the Death of the Prince-Consort." By Fitzgerald Molloy. Illustrated. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Queen Victoria as I Knew Her." By Sir Theodore Martin. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night be gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

I know you appreciated my dearest child—on your return I will send you one of his last photographs."

The fact that "Victoria Regina," Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's posthumous work, like "Victoria the Woman," has no index, suggests at the outset that the publishers assume it will not be regarded as a work of reference. It is, indeed, a not very favourable specimen of the popular biography now so greatly in vogue; and the key-note of the whole is struck in the opening paragraph:

"The turret clock in Kensington Palace has not yet struck five on the morning of June 20, 1837, when a carriage covered with dust and drawn by horses flecked with foam drew up at its principal entrance. Already the sun had flashed signals of gold across wide spaces of skies; but as yet the land slept; silvery phantasmal mists hung above the surrounding garden's wide glades, the Round Pond, and grassy slopes. From the carriage stepped two men, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham, bearers of important news"

—the news being, of course, that William IV. was dead and Victoria Queen. The work, which stops at the death of the Prince Consort, contains nothing that is not known to the reader who is acquainted with Greville, McCarthy, and the many histories of the reign, and it has not a tithe of the interest of the unjustly neglected little book, "Victoria, Queen and Ruler," by Mrs. Emily Crawford, who drew her facts from sources not generally accessible. The truth is that so much has been written about Queen Victoria during the later years of her long reign, that such a compilation lacks the freshness of the same author's "Court Life Below Stairs under the Georges," wherein he gathered much that was interesting from memoirs long since neglected. The details of the trouble about Lady Flora Hastings, the Bedchamber Question, the Parliamentary discussion anent the income to be granted to the Prince Consort on his marriage, are too familiar to bear repetition. Still, a pleasant hour may be passed with these volumes by those who are acquainted with the art of skipping.

Sir Theodore Martin, who now issues the brochure privately printed in 1902, has at least the advantage over Mr. Hird and Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy of having known the Queen. He made her acquaintance on November 14, 1866, the eve of which event he has reason to remember:

"The night before," Sir Theodore reminds us, "was memorable for the marvellous transit of shooting-stars (the Leonids) across the heavens, the recurrence of which in subsequent years has been looked for eagerly, but in vain. I remember well wondering to myself, as after midnight I gazed upon that magnificent spectacle, how I, utter stranger as I was to the ways and etiquette of courts, should pass through the ordeal that awaited me."

Sir Theodore Martin, or, as he then was, Mr. Martin, in his intercourse with her late Majesty was as a simple-minded, chivalrous knight; but, admirable as is that attitude, it is not one that allows of impartial judgment, and from this chronicle of small-beer we obtained a very different impression from that which the author intended to convey. We do not see the admirable female Crichton that Sir Theodore Martin surely believed he was depicting, but a lady, gracious indeed to her favourites, but an unconscious egoist of the deepest dye, overwhelmed with a sense of her own importance, and absolutely convinced that anything or anyone even remotely connected with her is of primary importance!

We are shown the Queen at home, setting down her views, not through official channels, but in confidential correspondence; and everywhere we see, not the enlighted woman of the eulogist, but the narrow-minded *Hausfrau* of the Teutonic race. We may, or may not, be advocates of "Woman's Rights," but the violence of Queen Victoria's anger against the movement shows her limitations:

"The Queen," she wrote on May 29, 1870, "is most anxious to enlist everyone who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights,' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady —— ought get a *good whipping*. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created men and women different—let them then remain each in their own position. Tennyson has some beautiful lines on the difference of men and women in 'The Princess.' Woman would become the most hateful, heartless, and disgusting of human beings were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex? The Queen is sure that Mrs. Martin agrees with her."

But a woman may have her "Rights" and yet not be unsexed; and, anyhow, that a Queen should protest shows in a royal lady a very marked want of the saving grace of humour, for if any woman has her "Rights," surely that woman is the sovereign: we never heard that her late Majesty was an advocate for the introduction of the Salic Law into the British Constitution.

Sir Theodore Martin's character-sketch is valuable, especially so for the deductions that are to be drawn from it, and in one reviewer's reading of it, at all events, "Queen Victoria as I Knew Her" goes far to prove the accuracy of the rather disparaging study of Queen Victoria made by Mrs. Emily Crawford in the volume mentioned at the beginning of this review.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

SIXTY-NINE BIRNAM ROAD.*

Middle-class and lower London have no truer or more attractive chronicler than Mr. Pett Ridge. He is as realistic as Gissing was, but he has deeper and broader sympathies and a saving sense of humour that enable him always to see the other side of darkness, and the inner and better side of what is superficially sordid, or wretched, or bad. You care no more about his plots than you do about Dickens's; we delight in his books because they mirror the life that we know; because they tell the unsensational stories of ordinary men and women with such an air of convincing reality; because of their unfailing humour, and of the many quaint, likable, lifelike characters they bring us acquainted with.

"Sixty-Nine Birnam Road" is the story of an educated, capable girl, a school-teacher, who marries a less than half educated man of the somewhat dull, but steady and plodding order. She loves him, and is determined not to be ashamed of him, though she sensitively suppresses the fact that they had first met on a tramcar and he had spoken to her without waiting for an introduction. He is clerk to the Superintendent of a great railway company, and his salary is large enough to warrant them in keeping a maid-of-all-work, but Ella, his wife, has social ambitions and is practical, and, bent on helping him to get on, she has a brass plate affixed to the railings and advertises for music pupils. She is careful to correct his mispronunciations and to instruct him in the manners of good society; has her At Homes and little dinners, and likes to go one better than her neighbours; but his ambitions are of the more solid and less showy variety: he plods industriously, gives his time and thoughts so entirely to his work that she is sometimes irritated by his seeming neglect of her and her friends, and by his untimely thinking of it when he ought to be listening to her. He is glad that she corrects his

* "Sixty-Nine Birnam Road." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

mistakes of speech, and gives him hints on how to behave, feeling that these things are useful to him from a business standpoint; for the same reason he had learnt commercial French, and could undertake correspondence in that language, and presently, with a shrewd eye to business, he tells Ella he thinks of taking lessons so that he may acquire the art of conversing in French.

"'That's just what I want you to do,' she said, resting an elbow on the table, and touching the flowers. 'I want you to keep moving. I should like, Fred, to see you earning three hundred a year.'

"He drew in a breath between his teeth. 'That would take a bit of doing,' he said, thoughtfully. 'Men don't get along on the railway as they do in short stories.'

"'Life is made up of short stories,' Ella insisted. 'How many are there between you and the General Manager?'

"'You don't understand,' he said tolerantly. 'It's true I'm chief clerk to the Superintendent, and you may say that the Superintendent is next to the General Manager, but it by no means follows—— What I mean is that very often a man is brought in from another line when there's an important vacancy.'

"'In that case you stand a chance of being transferred to a good position on some other railway.'

"'Go on!' he said good-humouredly. 'Map it all out for yourself. Let me know when you've made me a baronet!'"

In some respects, perhaps, Ella is rather a snob, but her snobbery is never more than skin-deep, and her loyal standing by her husband's kindly, unpresentable old mother and defying the ridicule of her superior friends is a good touch; an excellent character, the old mother, by the way, conscious of her deficiencies and anxious not to intrude and discredit her son, whom she is proud of, or her son's wife, of whom she is even prouder. A good touch, too, is Ella's affection for her dissipated, unscrupulous brother, in relieving whose monetary embarrassments she comes near to estranging herself from her husband; but best of all, maybe, is the way in which her husband, a sensible, modest, matter-of-fact, reliable fellow, vindicates himself, and, advancing quietly from promotion to promotion, and carefully studying as he rises to fit himself and his manner of living to his improved prospects, impresses her at last as being not inferior to herself, but superior; so much so that in the end she shrinks nervously from the responsibilities and dignity of the high position she had been ambitious for him to achieve, whilst he accepts them easily and as a mere detail of the business, having carried heavier burdens.

In every way this is Mr. Pett Ridge at his best. The story has more plot than he usually allows himself, and all the pathos and humour and knowledge of humanity that he has taught us to look for in a book that bears his name on its cover.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.*

There is greater opportunity for dramatic description of the events in French history covered by Miss Sichel's new work than was the case in her earlier book "Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation," to which it forms the natural sequel. Together the volumes give a complete picture of an enigmatic and abnormal character from the day when the girl Catherine rode fearlessly a-hunting with her father-in-law, King François I., to the day when she died, a disappointed and worn-out old woman with a record of shameless intrigue behind her. The mother of three weakling and vicious kings, she struggled to protect the throne against two powerful opposing parties, the Guises and the Bourbons, and during the struggle resorted to deceit, dishonour, bloodshed and crime. She moves us to compassion; "and yet our very compassion," says the author, "is mixed with dust and well-nigh chokes us in the parched and arid atmosphere surrounding her." Indeed the interest attaching to Catherine de' Medici is less personal than due to her as the central figure of one of the most difficult and involved periods of French history. The reigns of the last two Valois kings, dealt with in the volume under consideration, abounded in political and religious problems of which the assassination of Coligny, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, the murder of Henri, Duc de Guise, and the Cardinal, his brother, were the inevitable outcome. These atrocities, the story of the League, and the triangular conflict between the three Henris, are narrated with the touch of the true historian. The author's scholarly and detailed style suits the complexity of her subject, and if the picturesque and imaginative note is sometimes lacking, the deficiency is atoned for by the wealth of facts set forth. Miss Sichel uses telling phrases showing both insight and originality. "Catherine's malady was negation," she writes in summing up. "Her work itself rang hollow; she went about crying peace where there was no peace; she took the shadow for the substance, the moment for the age."

An interesting section of the book deals with Gaspard de Coligny, with whom the author is in thorough sympathy; another is a study of the delightful Queen Margot, Catherine's independent daughter, who "brought a note of nature into a close exotic atmosphere, a rush of sunshine into a stifling room." Many of the excellent portraits are reproduced from originals in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

* "The Later Years of Catherine de' Medici." By Edith Sichel. 15s. net. (Constable.)

THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT.*

It is a trite saying that the spectator sees most of the game, and there is much to be said for the contention that a foreigner is often the best critic of political institutions. By far the best account of the American constitution is to be found in the monumental work of the present British Ambassador at Washington, and it is only fitting that the most impartial and the most exhaustive examination of the complex machinery of government in England which has yet been produced should be the work of one of Mr. Bryce's American pupils. Mr. Lawrence Lowell, Professor of the Science of Government at Harvard, makes full acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Mr. Bryce as "the master and guide of all students of modern political systems"; and there could be no more fitting tribute than these two stately volumes to the influence of Mr. Bryce's spirit and method on all succeeding students of political science. Mr. Lowell is admirably equipped for his task. His indefatigable industry is attested by the multiplicity of the authorities whom he quotes in support of every statement. But while he has resisted the temptation to indulge in sweeping generalisations, he has never allowed himself to be biassed by the prejudices or partialities of his informants. His judgments, always shrewd and cautious, are clearly his own; and his detachment and impartiality in handling the most delicate and controversial questions are beyond praise. It may be said without hesitation that this masterly work will be indispensable to all students of English political institutions.

Mr. Lowell's investigations have covered a large field. He begins inevitably by discussing the general characteristics of the British constitution, and passes from this to the Crown and the Cabinet. So far the ground is familiar enough, and Mr. Lowell follows Professor Dicey in the main, but makes frequent and judicious use of Morley's "Gladstone."

* "The Government of England." By A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols. 17s. net. (Macmillan.)—"The Story of British Diplomacy." By T. H. S. Escott. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

He gives a minute and careful account of the various public departments, and rightly analyses at some length the relations between the Treasury and the great spending departments, the War Office and the Admiralty. On the whole, he inclines to the view that in fact the powers of the Treasury are not as wide as might at first sight be supposed; and most people who have had any personal experience of the system will probably agree that Treasury control, irksome as it may sometimes be, on the whole makes for economy. Mr. Lowell discusses the position of the permanent Civil Service, and is obviously impressed, as every American observer must be, by the absence of anything analogous to the "spoils" system so long prevalent in the States. He deals fully with the relations between the permanent Civil Service and the various ministers, and exhibits considerable insight in his analysis of the sources of the enormous influence of the permanent staff and the way in which it is exercised. Indeed, these are among the most valuable chapters in the book, and here to a great extent Mr. Lowell is breaking new ground. His account of the position and powers of the Comptroller and Auditor-General is rather meagre, and he scarcely appreciates the growing influence of the Public Accounts Committee: but these are the only serious omissions in this portion of the book, and both are matters of which it is difficult for an outside observer to form a just estimate.

The succeeding chapters give a clear and adequate account of the franchise and electoral law, and Mr. Lowell comments, very naturally, on the absurdly cumbrous system of registration which maintains and seems likely to maintain in this country. He comments too on the custom of "nursing" constituencies and the extent to which the Corrupt Practices Act is evaded. In his account of Parliamentary procedure Mr. Lowell relies mainly on Erskine May's classic work, through he acknowledges his indebtedness to Sir Courtenay Ilbert, whose admirable little manual has been a guide to so many new members. The chapters on the relation of the private member and the Cabinet and on the more delicate question of the powers of the House of Lords are admirable in their lucidity and completeness; and Mr. Lowell rightly allows great weight to the influence of "questions" on the ministry and still more on the departments behind them.

From these more strictly constitutional questions Mr. Lowell passes to the subject of party organisation, noting the growing power of the party machine and the influence exercised by such bodies as the Primrose League. He is much impressed by the frequent difficulty of finding candidates and the apparent absence of competition for nomination, which, in his view, is attributable mainly to the expense of a contested election and to the fact that a member, especially in an English constituency, must face continual demands on his purse. The frequent appearance of the "carpet-bagger" is attributed to the fact that the voter is more interested in the success of his party than of a particular individual, while in the absence of any "spoils" system the successful candidate has no means of rewarding his supporters. This portion of the book concludes with an extremely interesting chapter on the "strength of party ties," in which English and American systems are compared, and a short account of the present position of the various parties.

The remainder of the second volume deals mainly with local government. Here it is satisfactory to note that, in the opinion of so judicial and experienced a critic, "English municipal administration is upright and well conducted in a remarkable degree, in spite of the fact that the leading citizens are to some extent deterred from taking an active part." It is worth remarking that Mr. Lowell attaches great value to the institution of aldermen, who do not require to be elected and tend to form a quasi-permanent nucleus in every council, and so to maintain continuity of policy. Mr. Lowell was much struck with the general honesty of municipal administration, which he attributes in great measure to the efficiency and integrity of the permanent officials. As regards the personnel of the councils, his opinion (which is shared by many competent observers) is that the capacity of the candidates is slowly but steadily deteriorating. Many causes no doubt contribute to this, and it may be traced in part to the apathy which Mr. Lowell notes as the characteristic of the municipal elector. This, he admits, is due partly to the vicious system by which only one-third of the council requires re-election each year, but he is disposed to attribute it also in some degree to "the general English custom of continuing in office any man who has done nothing to forfeit public esteem."

The vexed question of municipal trading is discussed in a valuable chapter, but Mr. Lowell writes with too much detachment to commit himself to any positive judgment. He appends also an interesting comparison between Glasgow and Boston. The succeeding chapters on county and district councils and on the administration of the Poor Law are scarcely adequate to the importance of the subject, and the position of the guardians, with the opportunities which the Poor Law system offers for socialistic experiment, might have been examined in more detail. The Local Government Board comes in for some unfavourable criticism, and Mr. Lowell appears to regard it as the least efficient and least progressive of Government departments.

The chapters on the English educational system, from the primary schools to the universities, are as careful and thorough as all Mr. Lowell's work, but there is little in them calling for comment, except the emphasis laid upon the value of an honours degree. In the American universities the honours examination, which is necessarily competitive, is practically unknown; and the objection to any examination of a competitive nature is based upon the idea that it necessitates special tuition, and so favours the more prosperous classes. Besides, as Mr. Lowell remarks in another place, "in America, where the value of education is commonly deemed to lie in the utility of the information acquired, such a test of ability would not be readily accepted." As regards Mr. Lowell's personal opinion, it is clear that he is prepared to accept the competitive examination as a test of ability; and he fully indorses the system under which the Civil Service is recruited.

The concluding section, "Reflections," contains many pregnant and suggestive criticisms, which we have no space to discuss. Like all other observers, Mr. Lowell is struck by the predominance of the ruling class; but though his verdict is generally favourable, he notes a tendency to treat symptoms rather than causes. As compared with the American constitution, where a sharp distinction can be drawn between the structure and function of the organs of state, Mr. Lowell remarks that in the British constitution function and structure are the same thing.

The book is admirably arranged, though the index might with advantage have been made fuller; and the space devoted to the various sections has been allotted with sound judgment. The style is sober and lucid, and commendably free from rhetoric or irrelevance; and the general severity of treatment is only relieved by an occasional touch of sarcasm, as, for example, when Mr. Lowell notes the mistake commonly made by Liberals of assuming that man is a rational animal, or when he comments on the gratuity granted on marriage to women employed in the Post Office as "given rather out of commiseration than from any desire to encourage matrimony."

In strong contrast to the judicial sobriety of Mr. Lowell is the garrulous discursiveness of Mr. Sweet Escott. In "The Story of British Diplomacy" Mr. Escott gossips pleasantly about the Foreign Office and British diplomats generally. Though he adheres in the main to chronological order, he is too inveterate a *causeur* to be bound down to any very rigid method. Mr. Escott is perhaps at his best in the chapter on Palmerston, and his judgment as a historian is coloured by his obvious partiality for those diplomats (and they are many) with whom he has been

personally acquainted. All his life he has been in touch with the Foreign Office, and he has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of studying diplomatic methods at first hand. His discretion is unimpeachable, and the reader who looks for any sensational revelation of diplomatic secrets will be disappointed. Foreign politics have a peculiar fascination, and Mr. Escott is not insensible to the romance of his subject. But his interest is primarily in men more than affairs, and though his book is always readable and contains much interesting matter, it is desultory and rambling. Still, Mr. Escott is always good company and an agreeable gossip, and the general reader need not fear being bored by any abstract historical discussion.

MOTHER OF PEARL.*

The defect of most collections of short stories is the temptation to read in succession a number of stories which have not only no connection, but have no background or atmosphere in common. The selection is arbitrary and frequently brings together stories which, like discordant colours, "kill" one another. Anatolians familiar with M. France's various manners will not feel the abrupt changes of style, but novices whose acquaintance with M. France is only beginning, and for whom primarily this translation is intended, may well feel a certain bewilderment as they pass from "The Procurator of Judæa" to "Our Lady's Juggler" or "Madame de Luzy." Still, the selection, for which after all M. France and not Mr. Chapman is responsible, is characteristic of an art always impatient of conventional patterns. M. France is too great an artist to restrict himself to any one model, and though some of the sketches in this collection are less typically Anatolian than others, all are marked by the same delicate finish and the same graceful scholarship. For M. France is a *savant*, though he wears his learning lightly and is quick to mock the pompous solemnity of pedantic erudition. The two best stories in "Mother of Pearl," both gems in their way, are "The Procurator of Judæa" and "Our Lady's Juggler." In the former Pontius Pilate, grown old and reminiscent, is discussing with a friend the events of his governorship in Judæa. His friend asks him if he recalls a young Galilean who was crucified, one Jesus from Nazareth. "Pontius Pilate contracted his brows and his hand rose to his forehead in the attitude of one who probes the deeps of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—'Jesus,' he murmured, 'Jesus of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind.'" It is an audacious theme and one which might easily have been offensive with less delicate handling.

"Our Lady's Juggler" is the story of Barnaby, a poor juggler who takes refuge in a monastery, where he finds each of the monks dedicating his accomplishments to the Virgin. One is illuminating missals, another is copying holy books, and another is carving images. Barnaby alone can do nothing for the honour of our Lady, till a happy thought comes to him. Why should not he too dedicate his art? So the prior finds him juggling before the altar, and thinking he is mad is about to lead him away, "when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from the juggler's forehead." It is a beautiful story told with that tender sympathy for the simple-minded which is one of M. France's most endearing characteristics. The remaining stories, which we have no space to notice in detail, are illustrative of the two main subjects on which his education was based, the Lives of the Saints and the history of the Revolution. Mr. Chapman has carried out the task of translation with taste and discretion.

* "Mother of Pearl." By Anatole France. Translated by Frederick Chapman. 6s. (Lane.)

THE VIRGIN IN JUDGMENT.*

Rhoda Bowden, an austere Artemis of the Devon moors, is the protagonist of Mr. Phillpotts's tragic romance. Her brother David, a priggish and rather uninteresting Exmoor farmer, has married Margaret, a lovely and impulsive creature, all heart and sympathy. He is devoted to his wife, and never at any stage in the story do his love for and complete trust in Margaret diminish. Bartley Crocker, an old lover of Margaret who has transferred his affections to Rhoda almost as soon as her brother and Margaret become engaged, arranges frequent meetings with David's wife at which the two discuss the chances of his winning Rhoda. "The Virgin" herself, all unconscious of the purpose of these interviews, grows suspicious of Margaret and Bartley, and zealous for the honour of David, the only man she loves. Various incidents seem to lend probability to her imaginings. She has moved with David and his wife to their new home, Meavy Cot, where her affection for and knowledge of sheep, dogs, and all animals enable her to be of great help to her brother. Margaret, of no use with the sheep or the dogs, is eating her heart out at David's apparent neglect of her. Although he loves her, he thinks it unnecessary to go on saying so. Bartley, despairing of winning Rhoda, decides to sail for Canada and make a career for himself in the New World. His farewell to Margaret is witnessed by Rhoda, whose suspicions are brought to a head. In David's absence she accuses his wife of faithlessness. The timid and impulsive Margaret, overwrought and almost heart-broken, runs away from home, grows distraught from hunger and exhaustion, and drowns herself. David returns to discover the mischief his sister has worked. He turns on her and drives her from his door. It is the turn of Rhoda's heart to break, and the closing scene of the tragedy represents her arrival at her father's house at Ditsworthy:

> "Among the burrows of the warren she threaded her way, until, black against the night, towered Ditsworthy. And she opened the outer gate, reached the door, struck upon it and cried two words. Mournful they rose, and deep, and heavy with the weight of her torments.
> "'Father! Mother!'
> "They came down to her out of broken sleep. They found her collapsed, and carried her in and roused the smouldering peat upon the hearth. Then to their questions as they crowded round her—men, women, boys, candle-lit, grotesque, hastily robed from bed—she answered slowly:
> "'Margaret is drowned—driven to it by me—and David have cast me out.'"

No one can deny the power and sombre beauty of this story, marred, we think, by the somewhat frequent descriptions of scenery that Mr. Phillpotts seems to find necessary. The account of the great fight between Bartley and David, early in the book, is not as convincing as it might be. We never lost sight of the fact that David was going to win. A. G.

THE PEACOCK'S PLEASAUNCE.†

"E. V. B." is an æsthete of Ruskin's school, a lover of beautiful things, of what is decent and quiet and old, of gardens, of nature in selections, and of art. We have to read very little to be sure that she is happy with these things and sincere in her writing about them. Ruskin was perhaps her master—he has somewhere said an unpleasant thing about disciples—and we must do this justice to her writing, that it seems to reflect a life which, though probably cloistered, is beautiful. How genuine, for example, is the opening of "In Praise of Birds":

* "The Virgin in Judgment." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Cassell.)

† "The Peacock's Pleasaunce." By "E. V. B." With 8 full-page Illustrations. 5s. net. (Lane.)

"There are not many lovers of beautiful things that are not made continually to feel in their heart it is misery to love! I do not mean the romance of love that belonged to our youth; *that* remains the same as ever, divinely happy, imperishably beautiful. But for such as know what it is to love and sympathise deeply with the lower creation—as it is called—they recognise at every turn the law, hard and fast like a law of Nature itself, causing that which most they love to become a source of greater pain than pleasure. Life would certainly be less hard for some of us did we not careas we dofor God's creatures of the animal world. And this leads up to the love most fraught with pain—at least to they (*sic*) who care for them as so many in these days do—the love which is most universal, the love of birds. . . ."

And everywhere these deep affections are reflected, now in a thought, now in a description like this of a rainbow:

"No seven colours such as other rainbows were these (*sic*); only one broad band of purple and green. Just where this glory arose, on the one side it stained a violet path across the walls of a low white cottage under the hill with a garden and in the fence a little garden gate, and across the hillside woods at the back, and across two or three apple-trees and a central rose-bush flushed with pink, and across the figure of a woman standing at the garden gate. A peacock by her side shook down emerald splendours. Very still and preternaturally tall, wrapt in shimmering sapphire, triumphantly beautiful, stood the figure at the gate. Clothed with the rainbow, crowned with light, we saw her stand, as though ready to rise and soar above God's symbol in the cloud, like the bird of Hope! As we looked we could not speak: a sense of awe for the moment kept us silent."

And yet there is not a passage which does not show that for some reason, known to Providence, the gift of expression has not been included in her many gifts. She suggests, for she is a cultivated woman who has read much and watched many kinds of writing; but she does not express. She is always talking *about* things; she cannot create. Her illustrations are photographs of a white peacock in different attitudes. The beautiful bird expresses itself by life and motion. How disappointing it would be were it to dip a quill into a bottle of the best ink!

Novel Notes.

THE MAYORESS'S WOOING. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The strength of its plot, the cleverness of its characterisation, the crispness and naturalness of its dialogue make "The Mayoress's Wooing" a very remarkable piece of work. The story is of modern London. Sir William Chatto becomes Lord Mayor, and the book opens with his procession through the City. One of the spectators is Dr. Paul Jason, his reputed nephew, who has been brought up by him "on the proceeds of a famous cough mixture, one or two city swindles, family prayers, worldly wisdom, heavy dessert, and moral homilies." In a word, the Lord Mayor is the worst kind of sanctimonious hypocrite, and when Jason discovers that he has amassed most of his huge fortune as a secret proprietor of a rascally quack medicine called "Mother's Good-night Soothing Elixir," which has caused deaths among the children of the poor, he understands why his uncle had objected to his studying for the medical profession. Howbeit, Jason becomes a doctor, and on the day of the Lord Mayor's Show he is summoned to perform an operation on a woman-patient, and from her learns something that affects both himself and his supposed uncle, and that would, if it were disclosed, blast Sir William's high moral reputation for ever. There is a poignantly dramatic scene in which Jason, aflame with scorn, lets him know he is found out, and later the old man collapses and is dying of sheer terror of exposure when Jason goes to him and saves him by promising that his sordid secret shall be kept; but he refuses to be bribed, and nothing turns him from his determination to denounce and smash the Company that owns the murderous Soothing Elixir. He gets Marx Golders, an astute journalist who owns a newspaper, to support him; writes for Marx's paper a scathing indictment of the patent medicine and its owners; but Sir William's money and standing are too much for them; he brings a libel action, and, backed by eminent medical witnesses, wins it. The scandal is, through Golders, brought before Parliament; but again Sir William outmanœuvres his assailant, and uses his niece as an unconscious means to his end. He is a widower, and his niece acts as Mayoress. She is a quiet girl, charming, piquant, intelligent; she is very much in love with Jason, and the Mayor had been willing that Jason should marry her, but he had held off, and did not know himself that he loved her. His coolness piques her; she is anxious that he should succeed in his profession, and privately uses her influence to assist him; then she pretends to a more than common regard for Marx, hoping to arouse the other's jealousy, and in this she has her desire, but Marx is already in love with her, and, pushing his advantages, presently draws her into an engagement almost in spite of herself, and thereafter, on a hint from her uncle, Marx leaves Jason and his crusade in the lurch. This is a brilliant and original novel; Mrs. Baillie Saunders handles her theme with a deft and sure hand, edges it with delightful touches of humour and satire, and carries it through to an unexpectedly happy ending with a cunning in narration that never once loosens its grip on the interest and sympathies of the reader.

FURTHER EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Longmans & Co.)

A new book by these writers produces the same feeling, when we open it, as when some trusted comedian comes upon the stage. You smile and are prepared to smile. Whoever is dull or hectic, these authors can be relied upon for breezy,

"'Is that my darlin' Major Yeates?' shouted the cook."
From "Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Longmans.)

racy tales of Irish life, especially in the domain of hunting. Who does not know Philippa and her husband ? or Mr. Knox and his relatives ? The provincial society of Ireland is unknown to such, if such there be among the readers of modern Irish fiction. All that a reviewer needs to say is "Buy, Buy." Whenever in this dull age the average man needs to play the Mark Tapley, and turns, as Mark Tapley never turned, to his bookshelf for aids against melancholy, let him take down this book or any of its six predecessors. Only, let him not take it into a hotel sitting-room or a railway carriage, as the present reviewer was foolish enough to do. That means the loss of one's reputation for staid gravity. Apart from this caution, the Irish R.M. is a first-class companion, and we can only hope he will re-appear again for the clean, joyous delight of un-Irish readers.

THE LIFE CLASS. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Keighley Snowden always writes carefully and well, and in "The Life Class" he handles a difficult subject with conspicuous ability and success. It is the story of Ray Fothergill, who as a child "ran bare-legged in clogs"—for Mr. Snowden writes again of Yorkshire and of the North Country folk he knows and loves ; it is the story of how Ray showed a wonderfully promising talent at drawing, but after the death of her father was forced by poverty to turn her back on higher ambitions and earn a livelihood for herself and her mother as a model. In this capacity she returns to her native town, where a large Art School has been established, and one result of her posing for the nude is that she is slandered, misunderstood, cut by her respectable friends, and made very unhappy, yet is too conscious of her innocence, too pure in heart and courageous to be ashamed. The School Committee, a narrow-minded, inexperienced body, is shocked that such a thing should be permitted ; indignant prudes and Puritans make scandalous attacks on her in the local paper ; the father of the man who loves her is indignant and disgusted that his son could make such a choice, and fiercely opposes it ; and Ray comes through this, and worse, with difficulty, but triumphantly. There are some notable studies of Yorkshire character ; old Verity, the successful manufacturer bent upon becoming Mayor, is a masterly little sketch ; and the whole novel, centreing on a much-discussed phase of art life, deals with its problem fearlessly, earnestly, and with a fine idealistic suggestiveness. Mr. Snowden has written several novels, but "The Life Class" both in idea and in achievement touches a height he has never reached before.

ANGEL ESQUIRE. By Edgar Wallace. 3s. 6d. (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.)

Mr. Christopher Angle got his sobriquet from "a pert little girl," but his dealings were more with criminals than with the fair sex. He had a high position in Scotland Yard, though he had never been a policeman. Inside his room "you would find Angel Esquire sitting at his desk, doing nothing, with the aid of a *Sporting Life* and a small weekly guide to the Turf." This is a change from the test-tubes and violin of Sherlock Holmes. But Angel Esquire has all his wits about him, as Holmes had, and he manages, not without considerable danger, to run down a gang of thieves in London. The chief criminal is a lawyer—for Mr. Wallace is nothing if not fresh. One of the gang comes to a better mind, and eventually wins the girl whose fortune is at stake. But the love-thread is not allowed to become too prominent. Mr. Wallace sets himself to write a clever, startling story of modern crime, and, although the elaborate anagram and hiding-place for the money are rather far-fetched, the human beings all behave with astonishing vitality. Jimmy, the real hero of the tale, commands the reader's sympathy. "If you ask me to describe him," says Angel Esquire, "I would say that he is a genius who works in an eccentric circle that sometimes overlaps, sometimes underreaches, the rigid circle of the law." This is euphemism of a subtle order, but Angel's belief in Jimmy is well justified before the tale is done.

THE MAGNATE. By Robert Elson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If, as we take it, "The Magnate" is a first novel—for Mr. Robert Elson's name is quite unknown to us—it is a book of unusual promise, and this in spite of obvious and abundant faults of style, and occasional lapses of taste. Mr. Elson (we are not sure that the author is a "Mr." ; there are signs and tokens of a woman's hand in "The Magnate") has an irritating trick of using the first person singular ; he indulges in too many serious commonplace reflections on human life and conduct, flat and stale to all save the very young and inexperienced ; he talks in a knowing way about woman—as big boys talk at school ; he drops into horrible crudities of phrase—Janet, the heroine, "gets into a wax" ; and he calls upon the reader to share his enthusiasm over the vastness and magnificence of Janet's wardrobe. But when all this has been said, "The Magnate" remains a novel of exceptional interest. There is a great deal of faithful observation of life in it, the misery a self-respecting girl with good looks endures as a mother's help in certain types of sordid, English middle-class homes, and all the riot of luxury, the dissipated wealth and futility of a fashionable crowd on the Riviera are excellently described. John Holden, "the richest man in the world," is an entirely admirable study of a strong human character, and indeed all the people in this novel are drawn with distinction. As for Janet, the story of her beauty, her pride, and her conduct to her husband we do not for a moment doubt. But we are not convinced of her charms. She might draw Captain Ambrose and all the other men—why wasn't the book called "The Magnet ?"—but at best she only earns our respect.

A WOMAN'S WAY. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Burgin can always be relied upon for good entertainment, and "A Woman's Way" will be enjoyed by the novel-reader who likes a judicious mixture of pathos and humour —the humour preponderating—and the right sort of ending. The youthful Earl of Grayse, happy as an amateur author, Phyllis Carterette, earning her living at a West End milliner's because she won't be dependent on rich relatives, Nick Faryll, a wreck of a man redeemed from the gutter and full of love for dogs and young people, Madame Ninon, Phyllis's employer and a regular fairy godmother, are all good company. The minor characters, Parker, the Earl's devoted nurse, Mr. Perks, the lawyer, the farcical medical man and his limericks, and, above all, Mrs. Brown, widow of William Brown the tinker, with her sweetstuff shop, "who had often saddened his young days with her indigestible toffee," are even more diverting. No sombre realism disturbs the story, Mrs. Ashburton and her sorrow supply all that is necessary in the way of gloom ; and if the probabilities are a little strained, and the coincidences somewhat startling, who would be so ungracious as to grumble when the feast is generously spread ? That there is an appropriate mystery to be solved and misunderstandings to be cleared up is all as it should be in "A Woman's Way."

ROSE MACLEOD. By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)

You do not remember Miss Alice Brown's stories for any mystery or intricacy of plot or violence of sensation, but because of the charm and quaint, quiet humour of her style, and the easy lifelikeness of her characters. It is these same qualities that unfailingly delight you in

"Rose MacLeod." Taking a handful of more or less ordinary people, Miss Brown shows them in their homes scattered within reach of each other on a New England country-side—old Madam Fulton, who has outlived a modest sort of distinction as a very average novelist, and, yearning for a little fun, has just published a volume of "Recollections," more or less imaginary, that are booming her into fame; Madam's coldly beautiful, serious, purposeful grand-daughter Electra, who attends lectures and likes to fuss about importantly and take a hand in "movements"; Billy Stark the publisher, over on a visit from London; the excellently gentle, lovable Grannie Grant, who keeps the farm near by; her big-hearted, shrinking, hunchback grandson, Osmond; her younger grandson, Peter, a brilliant artist who has studied in Paris and New York, has sold a great picture, and comes home crowned with honour; and, of course, Rose MacLeod, the daughter of a notorious labour agitator, in whom she has ceased to have any faith; and the daily lives of these people open out before you until you are as intimate with them, and as keenly interested in their loves and hopes and fears, as if they were actually alive, and you knew them in the flesh. It is a story that might be true about men and women who are as real as if they had been drawn from life; a book that is wholly pleasant to read, and fragrant in remembrance.

BEFORE ADAM. By Jack London. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

"Before Adam" takes us back into that early twilight of time when man, just emerging out of apehood, was less than half human, most of the race still living in trees, a few evolved into cave-dwellers, and a masterful few so far advanced that they had discovered how to make fire and were skilled in the use of bow and arrows. Into this grim, savage, primæval world is born Big-Tooth, a child of certain Tree-Folk; he survives a wild and perilous boyhood, and, being driven from his home in the trees after the death of his father and the re-mating of his mother, takes up residence, not without strife and difficulty, among the Cave-Folk; then follows the story of his friendship with Lop-Ear, his long and fearsome feud with Red-Eye, "the mighty monster, the abysmal brute" who was "more primitive than the rest of them," the terrors of night and of the ravening, ruthless beasts that continually environ him, and the touch of tenderness and elemental romance that come to him through it all with his love for the Swift One. It is a crude and naked world, and its primitive people have not even the beginnings of a language; Mr. Jack London recreates it and them with a wonderful imaginative insight, and tells their tale daringly, graphically, and with a subtle narrative skill that makes this book in every way worthy to rank with "The Call of the Wild."

ANTHONY CUTHBERT. By Richard Bagot. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Bagot's latest novel has an Italian woman in it, but the two men are Northumbrians, uncle and nephew. Both, unknown to each other, come into close relations with the wronged and beautiful Sonia. Her husband's death enables the uncle to marry her, but the tragedy of her life—and indeed of all the three lives—begins with this tardy phase of happiness. We are not going to give away the plot of the story. It has an element of improbability in it. Sonia and the nephew could hardly have failed to discover each other's history and relation to Anthony. But Mr. Bagot has made this the hinge of his plot, and the unconvincing nature of the story arises from this complication. The outcome of the marriage is tragical in the extreme, but all three behave with chivalry and courage, and Jim's self-sacrifice is described with touching power. Mr. Bagot has been specially happy in the characterisation of the grim old sister of Anthony Cuthbert, whose prejudices against an Italian Papist melt before Sonia's charm. Sonia here is far more real and attractive than in her *liaison* with Jim Sinclair. Mr. Bagot has succeeded to Mr. Merriman's rôle of the anti-Romanist in modern fiction, but this note is not obtrusive, and the drift of the story does not become deflected by any arbitrary attempt to make religious or romantic capital out of the weaknesses of the Italian priests.

HESTER LANE. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Hester Lane is the eldest daughter of a family which finds itself in poverty after the death of its head. She starts a High-Class Employment Bureau in London, and many a housekeeper will wish that such an institution could exist in reality as well as on paper. Miss Lane's venture is quite successful. She suits employers and employees, the latter being feminine. Naturally most of them have romances of their own, and Miss Lane is not behind them. She is engaged to be married before the book ends, and her business venture is abandoned. The stories are all written in the pleasant, straightforward way which the authoress has cultivated so assiduously in her other novels. It is an excellent book for grown-up girls.

THE BURDEN. By C. A. Dawson-Scott. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If you have read "The Story of Anna Beames," you will expect much of Mrs. Dawson-Scott's new novel, "The Burden," and will not be disappointed. The book is written with a ripe knowledge of life and a profound and sympathetic insight into human character. It tells the story of Elizabeth, Lady Raven, married to a good man much older than herself; she becomes his second wife before she is out of her teens, and respects him, shares his interests, and is wholly devoted to him, until she is thrown into contact with his young kinsman, Captain Piers Raven.

"She loved Piers, not temperately as she loved her husband, but with all that there was of her. She had loved him from the hour of their meeting, she would love him until the hour of her death. Her steadfast spirit knew it and rejoiced in it. But recollection came hot-foot. She was married, she had no right to love. How then had this thing come to pass, how had she forgotten what should have held her back? . . . Her marriage had been due to ignorance, nevertheless it stood. She, like Piers, was of the law-abiding type, and it did not occur to her that there was any way of regaining the freedom she had surrendered. No, the beginning must be the end. Piers must go. They must never meet again, they must never even write. Love had come upon them as a thief in the night, but they were honourable people, they must go on living as if he had never come within their defences. O young hearts, who plan and so heroically perform, could you take up these burdens if your eyes were not holden that you should not see?"

But this, after all, is not the burden that Elizabeth has to bear; not this but one that is far heavier, and it does not fall from her till she tells the truth and bears it openly instead of in secret. Mrs. Dawson-Scott has a clear, strong, vivid narrative style; she writes with imagination and with feeling, with a courage that hides nothing of her heroine's sin, and a fine reticence that tells all without telling too much.

THE WILD WIDOW. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

A bookful of exceedingly unpleasant people whose incredible adventures are narrated in an exceedingly unpleasant style—for that, indeed, the puff on the wrapper prepared us. "Many social and moral questions," it says, "are discussed in the book, the situations are poignant, and a most astounding surprise is revealed in the last chapter." We fail to find the discussion, though we do detect a certain cuteness of insight, a deal of cheap cynicism, and a nauseous insistence on the physical worth of a waist that does not need long stays, or something of the sort. The word "poignant" is misapplied, and as for the

"astounding surprise," it is what any hardened reader of bad fiction would anticipate. Briefly, the "widow" defrauds an insurance company by burying a dead man as her insured husband. With the proceeds, she wins at Monte Carlo, speculates in Grey Rubbers, obtains the luxury she craves for and enters smart society.

THE LAST SHORE. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is one of those novels which a critic acknowledges to be good by his very reluctance to say so in plain terms. Mr. Brown cannot conceal the conscientious pains he has taken to write it particularly well. He does not make a single concession to the popular taste for meretricious brilliance of dialogue or narration; but he is better than clever: he is true to the faith that is in him. He concentrates into every other terse sentence the sum of his considered thought on the subject that has arisen at that point in his story. It would be unjust to say that the pages smell of the lamp, but one can vow that they were written painfully. Further, Mr. Brown makes no appeal to the emotions of his readers. His story concerns itself with four people, and not one of them is sympathetic. Studying them in their present relation to social environment and to moral laws, he refrains from setting down aught in malice, but he declines to suggest the least extenuation of their faults. He deals with their case as gravely as its gravity demands, and in effect he presents us with an exceedingly interesting study of temperaments; but he fails to produce a wholly satisfactory fiction because he omits that relief of which the most sombre life is never entirely destitute. The omission is especially unfortunate in this instance, because Lady Renvil must have possessed exceptional charm if her personality really obsessed men of such widely diverse natures as Lanfranc and Hackforth and Confessor. We are compelled, however, to include her charm among the things postulated, for no demonstration of it is vouchsafed to us. With regard to the men, Hugh Lanfranc comes perilously near being a prig; Hackforth is transpontine—the conventional rat behind the arras cannot be mentioned in the same breath as the mouse that completed this most melodramatic villain's destruction; Confessor is a subtle blend of cowardice and fine moral courage. We cannot accept Mr. Brown's assertion that Confessor is not spiritually abnormal, for we do not share his gloomy opinion of the spiritual unhealthiness of the age. We go further, and declare that not one of the four protagonists is normal; and that is where the story fails. Only a man of high intellectual order could have written "The Last Shore"; but Mr. Brown should not allow his intellect to constrain his heart within iron bands. One of the notes of great fiction is that it is vibrant with true human emotion. That note is wanting here.

MAURICE GUEST. By Henry Handel Richardson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Richardson has chosen his second name or else his subject very fitly. This is a musical novel. That is, it describes the Bohemian life of young people at the Conservatorium of Leipzig who find that Venus and Apollo are near of kin. The petty jealousies of the teachers, the ambitions of the pupils, the joyous irresponsible existence of the musical schools, these are drawn evidently at first-hand. But the relations between most of the leading characters are by no means regular, and the course of love ends for several of them, including poor Maurice Guest, tragically enough. Mr. Richardson has dwelt too strongly on this side of the subject to make his book as pleasant as it would otherwise have been. And it is inordinately long. Whole pages are devoted to the characters of Guest and Louise, which would have been better away. But with some judicious skipping the novel will be found thoroughly vital, though the author has a bad habit of making the action turn upon letters which are never printed and conversations at whose import we can only guess. More compression and more width of interest would have improved what is a conscientious, powerful, and even subtle piece of writing. The delineation of the English and German students is the best part of the work. But Mr. Richardson has to learn how a sentence will often suggest more than a paragraph.

PAN AND THE LITTLE GREEN GATE. By Sylvia Brett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Brett's collection of short stories is dedicated to "dear J. M. Barrie," and the prevailing note is one of a pleasant, semi-mystical feeling towards the child. The tales are short and well-balanced, for the most part. Perhaps the best of them are "Sweet William," "A Broken Heart that was Mended," and "The Little Runner." Miss Brett can touch the string of pathos without obliterating the other music of her story, which is a far more difficult thing to do than most novelists seem to perceive. She has also the gift of a whimsical sympathy with young things, which is admirably shown in "The Upper Room." Her book is distinctly good of its kind. There is individuality in it, and the subjects are not too remote from the ordinary heart of men.

THE ADVENTURER. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Dr. von Zedtwitz, guiding a scientific expedition from the city of Quito into the unexplored regions of the Southern Llanos, fell into the hands of the savage aboriginals and spent three years in captivity. It was then that he happened by chance upon a place called Cassaquiari, and found the ruins of an antique city, and among the ruins the actual strong-room of the citadel, and in the strong-room five thousand ingots of pure gold. He escaped from captivity and one day met Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock. She was a millionaire and was soon persuaded to finance an expedition to recover the buried treasure. Westbrook, the famous inventor, designed the vessel *Fortuna* that was to bear the weighty mass across the land—a topsail schooner running on gigantic wheels. And then a band of men was got together to make the great adventure. Lewis Kirkpatrick was one of these, before long captain of them, and he is the hero of this swinging tale. Other romancists have shrunk from the last mendacity and have called fire down from heaven or up from the bowels of the earth to prevent avaricious hands from wresting treasure from the grave where it has been buried. Not so Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. He works to a finish. With breezy courage he takes his gallant company out and leads them home again, bringing their golden tale behind them. Lewis Kirkpatrick's share of the sport was 437,000 dollars and a wife—Vera, the lovely daughter of Westbrook the inventor. That, it will be admitted, was fairly good hunting. "Corking—simply corking," was Wicks's description of the picture made by the treasure in the ancient vault, and "corking—simply corking" is the happiest label to attach to Mr. Osbourne's book. It is a clean and invigorating tale of adventure, the breeziest that has been written for many a day.

THE SIN OF GABRIELLE. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (John Long.)

Gabrielle is "a little black-eyed witch," a vivacious, pretty, fascinating French girl, who arrives at an English farmhouse in a storm, and knocks at the lattice window of the room in which the Reverend Donovan Fitzgerald, a

young clergyman who is staying there on a holiday, is sitting moody and alone, harassed by the religious doubts that are clouding his present and his future. She brings a new and unlooked-for distraction into his life, but is by no means so guileless and undesigning as she seems. Conspiracy, robbery, murder come into the story with Gabrielle; Fitzgerald loves her, breaks his heart for her, but is the happier for losing her, and in the end you agree with John Adams that "Gabrielle may have been wicked, but she behaved like a heroine in going away" at last, knowing that she went to her death. It is sheer melodrama of the most lurid and exciting, but excellent of its kind.

THE LOST ANGEL. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Milne.)

It would be easy to make fun of Mrs. Hinkson's eighteen little stories. They are simply told—slightly thin. The Fairy Prince has a habit of turning up at the right moment; people's ships come in when they most need them; the handsome right young man infallibly meets under romantic circumstances the beautiful right young woman, and they fall in love and settle everything within a score of pages. To read Mrs. Hinkson one would never suppose that poor creatures die still waiting "here where men sit and hear each other groan"; nor would they suspect the savagery and unexpectedness of joy, or the queer ways by which mankind achieves it. The truth is, she writes of a fairyland. Her stories are fairy-tales for adults and adolescents. They are fragrant, like rooms kept full of flowers, yet seldom occupied. We do not live in her fairy-land; we can't most of us, and would not if we could. But an excursion there is refreshing, and we are duly grateful for the chance of it.

GREEN AT GREYHOUSE: A Tale of Adventure and Mystery at a Public School. By R. S. Warren Bell. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—**TOTTY. The Truth about Ten Mysterious Terms.** By Bertram Smith. 3s. 6d. (Harpers.)

Here are two books of vastly different workmanship dealing with that subject of perennial entertainment—the public school boy. Mr. Warren Bell departs from the time-honoured tradition which gives us the new boy trembling on the threshold of the big school in the first chapter, and leaves him captain of the school, or at least a prefect and a member of the Eleven, in the last. Moreover, he introduces a foreign prince, waiting to be recalled to his kingdom and meantime acting as modern languages master at Greyhouse, and an attempted assassination of this heroic personage by a villain hired for the job—which is all quite outside the bounds of the orthodox public school story. Then, again, what the butler thought of the Headmaster's daughter, and the plans of that young woman's mother for her daughter's prosperity, are an innovation not entirely to be commended in this class of fiction. The boys are all right and do the outlandish things that boys are expected to do. There are bad boys who smoke and drink, and there are fights and bullyings at Greyhouse. It was a rough place altogether. The foreign prince apparently was the only master who really had any influence in the school. "Totty" is a much more cheerful book, and "Totty" himself (Sidney Graham was his real name) is a great creation. The tale of the exploits of this delightfully versatile boy makes uncommonly good fun, and withal the tone of the book is capital. "Totty" is irresistible, and though he had to save the great cricket match—every public school book is bound to include a great cricket match—he was no cricketer: he was a great deal more than that. He was a genius, and yet as sound a boy, good in heart and brain right through, as could be desired. We recommend "Totty" to all lovers of the human boy.

PATSY. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Unwin.)

Mr. Stacpoole's Irish story is alive and fresh. Its humour may not be profound, but it is genuine. The exploits of Con Cogan, of Paddy Murphy, Mr. Mahoney the sweep, and the rest of the village folk, are perhaps of greater interest to us than the fortunes and misfortunes of the lovers, Violet Lestrange and Dick Fanshawe. They both belong quite to the old order of romantic fiction, and it is pleasant to meet them again. Con Cogan and Paddy Murphy are all-round, if entertaining, scoundrels. They decide to burgle the big house, Lady Seagrave's, where Patsy, the hero, is employed as "buttons." Patsy gives them away and Con is caught. He is imprisoned on the ground floor, but escapes. A meet of the local beagles on the lawn resolves itself into a chase after the fugitive, who gets clear away after many adventures, to prove of use a day or two later on the occasion of the midnight elopement of Dick and Violet, by a "holding-up" on the road of pursuit of General Grampound, Dick's uncle and Violet's guardian. Dick takes the invaluable Patsy into his employment, a deserved recognition of that brilliant youth's services. One can hardly call this a "sporting novel," and the emblems that decorate its cover are hardly justified, but it is an amusing story, and constitutes a clever and faithful presentment of the Irish character. Mr. Thomas Downey is responsible for an impressionist frontispiece, representing Mr. Mahoney going to the meet.

Mr. Mahoney going to the Meet.
Pen and pencil impressionist portrait by Thomas Downey. Frontispiece to "Patsy." (Fisher Unwin.)

A LAUGHING MATTER. By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

As one might anticipate from its title, "A Laughing Matter" is written in a much lighter vein than is usual with Mr. Shan Bullock. It is a gay, lively, amusing little comedy that Mr. Bullock handles so deftly and brightly that it is highly entertaining from start to finish. A fascinating, unsophisticated country girl comes to London to stay with a novelist and his wife; she is the motherless daughter of an old friend who commits her to their care with a long letter of warning and advice and a particular

request that they will not let her go out alone or take her to theatres, and that they will "not permit her association with any youths among your friends, or any others likely to stir her feelings." Dallas, the novelist, feels his responsibilities acutely and strives to live up to them; his wife does not take the matter so seriously, and, like most women, is a match-maker at heart. Next door to them is a family that include a likeable young man and his sister; the latter has a lover, the former is unattached, and they are not slow to make acquaintance with the Dallas's visitor over the garden fence. The ripening of this acquaintance and what it led to, under the covert encouragement of Mrs. Dallas and in spite of the stern opposition of the worried novelist, make a delightfully humorous, thoroughly readable romance.

THE GREEN MUMMY. By Fergus Hume. 6s. (John Long.)

Here we have a group of people living in a village on the Thames marshes—the very place for dark, inexplicable doings. Mr. Fergus Hume knows the value of a convenient waterside in a sensational novel and uses his material to advantage. When we read that Professor Braddock, a devoted, but quite inhuman, Egyptologist has sent his assistant to bring a certain Peruvian mummy to England, and on arrival it turns out that the said mummy has disappeared in the course of a night, and that the dead body of his murdered assistant has been placed in the coffin in the mummy's room, we can only say with the immortal Miggs, "Here's mysteries. Goodness gracious, here's mysteries." Of course the plot thickens, for two green emeralds, naturally of fabulous value, ought to have been found with the mummy, and they, too, are missing. Everybody is worried by all this, the Professor and his stepdaughter Mrs. Jasher, who loses her life over the business, Mrs. Bolton, the mother of the murdered assistant, Mr. Hope the artist, Sir Frank Random, an army officer, and Don Pedro from Peru, who claims the mummy for an ancestor. It is only at the end we learn who the real criminal is, and how badly old Braddock has behaved.

HEATHER O' THE RIVERS. By W. Harold Thomson. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Thomson has written one of those rural, sentimental love-stories which make pleasant enough reading for a summer day. There is plenty of Highland scenery, and of easy moralising upon things in general. The young lady who gives the title to the book falls in love with an artist after she has been badly treated by the villain of the plot. But the said villain repents in time, and the sun shines out upon the lovers. That is the simple outline of the tale. But it is filled out with some quaint, bright situations, and there is an entire absence of any smartness or affectation, for which one is grateful in these latter days of fiction. The gamekeepers and country people are more convincing, however, than either Norman or Heather. "'There's no right woman for me in this world. Maybe I might meet her in the next, though.' 'Away, man! a reeligious lad like you should ken that there's no marriages in heaven.' Ronald thought for a moment. 'I forgot that extra blessin',' he grunted." Mr. Thomson's Scotch, it will be noticed, is not perfect. But that is a detail. The story as a whole is healthy and bright; there is an open-air flavour about its pages. The illustration of the river whets the appetite of angling readers, but when the hero and heroine take their rods—and they only take them once—the expedition tends to flirting rather than fishing. Mr. William Black knew better than this. He gave us catches that had no parallel in ordinary Highland angling. If Mr. Thomson puts another fine stream into a novel, he should not wilfully forego his opportunity.

THE LEADING LADY. By Archibald Eyre. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Alice Kirby is entangled, as a girl, into marriage with a man beneath her in character and position. After his death, she goes on to the stage, and becomes a "leading lady." They all do, in novels. Then the complication comes. Not only does she find herself half engaged to a peer's son, to whom she is afraid to tell the truth about herself, but she discovers that her child, instead of being dead, is alive, and in gaol on a charge of theft. Her maternal instinct triumphs over her private feelings. She insists on clearing her boy and acknowledging him openly. The result, as any experienced reader of fiction will guess, is that her marriage is found to be genuine after all, instead of being, as she supposed, a trap laid for her by a married man. The interest of the story lies in the girl's development of character under the strain of circumstances, and Mr. Eyre has managed to depict this in an attractive and convincing manner. He spares us theatrical "small-talk," for which we are grateful, and he gives an amusing interlude describing a parvenu, Lady Williams, trying to snub a Radical candidate and his wife. The least successful piece of the tale is the interview between Alice, disguised as her old nurse, and Lord St. Quentin. But, apart from this, there is a brisk air of reality about the characters and their doings. The nurse, Deborah, is singularly effective. So, too, is the "bounder" at the beginning of the story.

The Bookman's Table.

LEAF AND TENDRIL. By John Burroughs. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Thoreau, Jefferies, Mr. W. H. Hudson, and Mr. John Burroughs—these are probably the four literary naturalists of the nineteenth century. Mr. Burroughs has not the humour and the philosophy of Thoreau, or the sensuousness of Jefferies, or the personality of Mr. Hudson, but he has an exquisite lucidity and simplicity, exceptional precision, a profound seriousness, wide knowledge and fine feeling, and originality, if not exactly what is called personality. Some time ago we seem to remember that he promised to write no more, and that, too, in a volume that showed no shortcomings. His new book is one of the most attractive that he has written. The titles of his thirteen essays include "The Art of Seeing Things," "The Coming of Summer," "Straight Seeing and Straight Thinking," "Human Traits in the Animals," "Animal and Plant Intelligence," "The Reasonable but Unreasoning Animals," "All's Right with the World." The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of these are extraordinarily interesting, but can hardly be touched on here. They include a very fair and quiet statement of the case against Messrs. Roberts, Thompson Seton, and others, "the nature fakers," with the shrewd hit: "It is one thing to treat your facts with imagination, and quite another to imagine your facts." But their chief business is, if not to justify the old distinction between instinct and reason, to show how such facts as there are may be interpreted so as not too rudely to upset the older view of the intelligence of animals. Thus where Maeterlinck speaks of the intelligence of plants and flowers, Mr. Burroughs would prefer to speak of manifestations of "the general intelligence that pervades all nature." Whether he would label in the same way the process that produces great art—a process for which there is no rational and complete explanation—is not clear, but apparently not. "The Art of Seeing Things" is another good essay, ripe, and clear and new. There is no art that can be taught, nor can this. For in them all "nothing can take the place

of love," as he says. There are some fine phrases here, such as that of the observer who "brings home finer game than ever fell to shot or bullet," and many examples from his own experience. As a combination of observation and reflection and reading, with perfect fitness of expression, it is likely to endure longer than most essays.

SPIRIT AND DUST. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

There are faith and a most beneficent quiet in Lady Gilbert's poems. Her muse is no restless, baffling spirit of modernism. She asks no disturbing questions, comes with no new message, only with the tidings so few may bear: "All's right with the world." There is, perhaps, something of Browning in these poems, something of Browning's simplicity. And there is a mysticism of the seventeenth century and a pre-Raphaelite love of clear colours:

> "Cytherea in green gown,
> Hair alight and purple crown;"

green and gold and rose, all the colours that make the light beautiful in churches or brighten an old missal, no doubtful or sombre hues. It is very sweet and refreshing. There are simple, rhymed legends of the Mother of Jesus and of the Angels, that remind one of a day when painters had learned to paint light, but had not yet learned to paint shadow; and pretty paganisms, and once the woe of the wood-dove and once the sorrow of the willow. There is a poem—"The Knight Templar"—of a cloistered maiden,

> "Great Garalt's daughter,
> Enveiled in her gold hair with the love-light in her eyes,"

who looked out of a window and saw one riding and was disturbed. But something tells us that this is no Elaine or Mariana, that the peace of the cloister will be more than the passion of the world. What does it matter that Lady Gilbert has no new thing to say? Rather may we count it for gain; and perchance for an hour she may persuade us that these old, gentle things are true.

AMERICAN SKETCHES. By Charles Whibley. 6s. (Blackwood.)

There is a good deal in these "American Sketches" that will not gratify the purring self-esteem of the average American; there are some very flattering bits in the other scale, but not enough of them to make the balance even. Boston wins Mr. Whibley's admiration for its old-world atmosphere and architecture, but its craving for culture and its inordinate love of lectures move him to gentle ridicule. He considers Chicago "the happiest city in America," but for reasons that Chicago will not pride itself upon; he has a good word for New York's sky-scrapers: the sheer vast mass of them in a sunlit city that needs protection from the heat becomes impressive and even beautiful; but he has no joy in the feverish rush and hurry of life there, the strenuous struggle to save time that is only wasted after it has been saved, and "the most vivid and constant impression that remains is of a city where the means of life conquer life itself, whose citizens die hourly of the rage to live." There is as much truth as shrewd irony in what he has to say of America's conceptions of liberty and patriotism; of its "yellow press," its millionaires, its "language." One of the most interesting chapters is that on American literature; another is that which serves as an epilogue. Mr. Whibley has individuality and a charm of style that make his opinions excellent reading apart from the rightness or wrongness of them, and his book is everywhere piquant, illuminating, subtly suggestive.

WARP AND WOOF: A Drama in Three Acts. By Edith Lyttelton. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

We welcome this reprint of Mrs. Lyttelton's thoughtful drama. As a spectacle, it did not, we believe, run its hundreds of nights, even though it had the advantage of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's art and personality. The modern public which likes its Shakespeare adulterated till "The Tempest" is indistinguishable from a musical comedy, will not go to serious plays unless a genius like Mr. Shaw can offer it philosophy made to look like farce. Mrs. Lyttelton is not Mr. Shaw, but her play was worth seeing, and is equally worth reading. It is a modern "Song of a Shirt." It gives a startling glimpse of the price paid for the luxurious garments of wealthy and selfish people—a price measured not in gold, but in human flesh and blood. The book, by an interesting coincidence, appeared just when the papers were reporting the case of a poor woman who earned a living (if "living" be not too ironic a word) by making blouses at tenpence a dozen! There is always a danger of exaggeration when facts like these are embodied in a drama; but Mrs. Lyttelton's play is neither exaggerated nor sensational. The characters are well handled, and the scene of the factory inspector's visit is genuinely dramatic. The play is obviously written with sincere feeling and noble intentions, and we wish it every success in its printed form.

SWORD AND BLOSSOM POEMS. From the Japanese. Done into English verse by Shotaro Kimura and Charlotte M. A. Peake. Illustrated by Japanese Artists. 3s. 6d. net. (Tokyo: T. Hasegawa. London: Simpkin, Marshall.)

For a week or so I have been carrying in my pocket the most delightful little book. Many people have been forced to look at it, and many have been the expressions of joy. It is unfortunate that I am unable to exhibit to the readers of this notice what the book is like. I can but make a few quotations and endeavour to describe its charm, which is as beautiful as foam upon the wave:

> "Fire of the Autumn turns to Red and Gold
> The greenness of the Leaves before their grave
> Receives them, but for ever pure and cold
> The White foam blossoms on the tossing Wave."

That is the rendering of a poem by Yasuhide, and it may be remarked that for the Japanese it would have been sufficient if one had written nothing but the words in capitals. This book has been produced in Tokyo, but is entirely different from the flimsy books of fairy-tales, printed in English, that one buys at Yokohama. Some of these are, from a literary point of view, impeccable—seeing that they were translated by Mr. Chamberlain, who has achieved the extraordinary position of Professor of *Japanese* Philology in a Japanese University. But they are printed on such paper as preserves the local colour more than it retains the colour of the pictures. And the flimsiness of these little books causes them to be as evanescent as the spirit of a Japanese poem:

> "O World! O Dream! as empty as the Shell
> That the Cicada's very form doth keep,
> You pass as quickly as the Bloom that fell
> Down from the Cherry as I lay asleep."

I am afraid that what I write has more of the appearance of advertisement than of review; but when I showed this book to the austere gentlemen who preside over the Oriental Department of the British Museum, one of them exclaimed that it was the most exquisite thing he had ever seen, and the solitary words of prose which another one let fall were: "I shall order it at once."

> "For thirty years have these dim eyes of mine
> Pored over Student's Theses, noting well
> Where seemed the light of knowledge best to shine,
> Who pressed along the path, who failed and fell,
> And watched careers, ambitions, efforts, powers,
> Ruined by Moonlight, spoiled by Cherry flowers."

"A woman," wrote the celebrated moralist Kaibara, "a woman must be ever on the alert and keep a strict watch over her own conduct." Thus if the translator of this book will give us another collection she must see that the poems are not less delicious than these and that the pictures are as captivating.

SULLIVAN AND HIS OPERAS. By B. W. Findon. 1s. net. (Sisley.)

Mr. Findon has written a short account of Sullivan's life in relation to his profession which should prove acceptable to the musician's admirers. Its tone is frankly laudatory but by no means undiscriminating. What most strikes one in reading the story of the popular composer is the extraordinary success of his life. From the time when, at the youngest possible age, he won the first Mendelssohn scholarship, everything went well for him. As a scholar, both in London and in Leipzig, he appears to have found favour alike with masters and pupils. The music he wrote while still in his teens was received with acclaim. There were only a few years of pot-boiling, no period of storm and stress, no lonely days of waiting before he sprang into affluence and fame. For many years he was the friend of princes, and lord of a princely income. His life was as uneventful as any man's must be who receives both abundantly and contentedly the good things of the world. There are no lurid or lamentable incidents for Mr. Findon to relate. The greater part of this little book is, naturally and as its title indicates, concerned with the famous series of Savoy operas. The oratorios, cantatas and songs which Sir Arthur composed with such versatility and facility are, however, touched on and several interesting letters are quoted. Mr. Findon rightly condemns the pedantry which regrets the sacrifice to light opera of capabilities for more serious music. Sullivan would never have attained to a place among the masters. His obvious mission in life was to write tunes to Gilbert's words. He was essentially the popular musician, and could at need make an appropriate setting for Kipling's great Jingo song: so that when his death was billed in the streets, a pavement child was heard to exclaim with bated breath, "That's him as wrote 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.'" The book has an appendix comprising a complete list of the composer's works with dates of composition and other details. There are also four photographic illustrations, printed (one wonders why) in a peculiarly violent shade of crimson.

THE ENCHANTING NORTH. By J. S. Fletcher. 2s. 6d. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash.)

It is somewhat surprising to find a novelist of such distinction as Mr. J. S. Fletcher writing what is nothing more than a superior type of guide-book. When, however, we have got over a natural feeling of astonishment we are ready to admit that Mr. Fletcher's work has been well enough done. The chapters upon Yorkshire—and these form the bulk of the book—are especially good, as, indeed, one would expect from a writer for whom that country is, in Horace's phrase, "The corner of the world which delights me beyond all others." Moreover we can at least be grateful to Mr. Fletcher for recognising that the reader does not care so much for cold statistics as for the subtle little intimate touches which can bring out a scene. To quote, for instance, the local tradition that upon one occasion a vessel, being driven ashore, poked its bowsprit through the window of an inn at Robin Hood's Bay, suggests at once the extraordinary way in which that place has been built, which should be appreciated both by those who know and those who do not know that most picturesque of English fishing villages. History again has been largely used by Mr. Fletcher in compiling this book, and he has many amusing anecdotes to tell about the various places he so neatly describes. In one case, however, we have, if we are not much mistaken, caught Mr. Fletcher tripping. Describing York he says: "Here, in a small chamber in the Guildhall, Charles I. was sold to the Scots for two hundred thousand pounds." We had always been brought up in the belief that the Scots were the vendors and not the purchasers in this particular bargain.

Ripon Cathedral.

From "The Enchanting North" (Eveleigh Nash.)

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VAGRANT SONGS. By L. Nicholson. 3s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

One may have misgivings as to whether a love of mountains and the sea is in itself sufficient excuse for writing verse. Miss Nicholson—internal evidence points to femininity—obviously has none. The greater part of her well-packed volume was suggested by the weather or the heather. The song of the open has been sung before, and better sung. Miss Nicholson writes pleasantly enough. But if one is to write "The Song of the Road," "The Call of the Open," "The Song of the Surf," a quite special zest of life is needed, such as Whitman had and Stevenson and Henley. If one is to write the songs of the mountains and the sea one should be able to mould one's rhymes to the music of mountain winds and the music of waves. By a gradual transition—there is a continuity which is just not monotony in "Vagrant Songs"—the later poems of the book come to have a more human objective. These are the best; wrought out of vague desires, vague regrets, such as come upon one after listening to certain music or under certain skies—the traditional stuff of minor poetry and scorn of minor criticism, of which none the less undoubted poetry has been born. Pain that does not hurt, sorrows that do not sadden, if these are not what make the greatest poetry of all, they have been the cause of nine-tenths of the world's verse, much of it far worse written than Miss Nicholson's. I quote one poem, one of the best, certainly, but typical of the author's unfaulty, uneventful manner:

MOONRISE.

"Long low wash of the sea on level beaches,
Glimmering silver in the dusk of day,
One white plume of feathery cloud that reaches
Half across the sky's dim violet-grey!

"Lessening lines of creamy foam receding
As the tide obeys the old behest,
Slave to the inevitable pleading
Of the pale young moon above the west!

"On the gorse and thyme the dew is glistening,
And the moonlit downs stretch white and wide—
In old dreams I steep my spirit, listening
To the throb of the out-going tide!"

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

When we see a book by "Barbara," we remember "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," and we open the pages with pleasure. "Barbara's" new book is called **The Open Window** (6s.), and it shows very prettily the progress of the year in a series of stories. The general truth about a volume of stories is that they are uneven in merit, but in this collection the themes are so well varied, and the settings—the weather, in fact—so developed with the advance of the year, that there seems to be no reason or opportunity for comparison. "The Vandoo," however, is one of our own favourites; the scene of the sale at the old farmhouse being graphic, pathetic, comic, dramatic in a few words and with quiet sureness of touch. "The Open Window"—the October story—is shown as letting in light and joy and hope. The book itself is calculated to do the same by its tolerant sympathy and cheerfulness.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

In **The Bride of the Bosphorus**, a Turkish tale, in one canto, by Dr. David Sandler (1s. net), we have the work of a poet and a scholar. In blank verse Dr. Sandler tells the love-story of Djénan, the Moslem daughter of a Moslem father. Abdullah, the father, is stern to all but his daughter. He is

"pious, rigid in the Moslem rites
Of life and worship, yet austere in mood,
Relentless, cruel, selfish, pitiless."

The tragedy begins when Djénan loves a Christian. This is an impossible madness, a profane frenzy in the eyes of her father, and in fierce wrath he kills the lover and shuts out joy for ever from his child. The strong interest of the poem, apart from the story, lies for us in the author's familiar knowledge of the country, the people, and the customs of the Eastern city. The glory of Constantinople is spread before us, the very atmosphere is around us, and we feel that the details are as authoritative as the poem is pathetic.

MR. JOHN LONG.

We had just finished reading **Duchinka**, by Lucas Cleeve (6s.), and were ready to say words of praise concerning the author's undoubted skill in her presentation of this Russian story, when the report of her death reached us. We have not read all Lucas Cleeve's novels—their number is great—but whenever we have read one we have been impressed by the excellence of it, in face of the rapidity with which she wrote. She had the gift of throwing herself whole-heartedly into her subject, and when she chose an unusual background for her story, and she often did, she made herself familiar with it and learned it from the inside. In "Duchinka" we have yet another example of this. It is the story of a young Russian girl of gentle birth who is gambled away by the man she loves and is engaged to, and marries the man who wins the stakes. The story is fresh, interesting, extremely readable; but the things which impress a reviewer are the naturalness of the whole intimate Russian family life and, distinct from this, the thoroughly Russian style of the telling, the straight simple sentences, the progression of the story in almost childlike sequence of narration, in fact, the feeling of Russia in both theme and treatment. The morals may not be entirely admirable, but the book is a not unworthy one with which to close an all too short, if full, career of novel-writing.

Another novel by a lately dead author is **A Woman in Armour**, by David Christie Murray (6s.). That David Christie Murray was a man of great and varied power has always been acknowledged, and when he was at his best he was very good indeed. This posthumous story is concerned with anarchy and crime, and love and incident. These may not be new ingredients for a sensational tale, but in this novelist's hands the fiction becomes fact for the while, the characters are moving persons, so real that we seem to have been meeting them yesterday and to-day; yet each is a person either of unusual nature or is placed in unusual, yet dreadfully possible, circumstances. In the development of the story the pleas for and against plotting and intrigue and murder are brought forward, and thought as well as amusement lies between the covers.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

In **The Heart of a Butterfly** (6s.), Miss Eileen Fitzgerald gives a clear study of the temperament of the girl who is too often described carelessly as "an empty-headed flirt." Beryl Le Marchant is by no means empty-headed, but she is a flirt, beautiful, frivolous, self-centred. She has in her strong emotions, but they are always directed towards the thing—or man—she cannot obtain. This is the story of two sisters and two lovers, and incidentally, of a cousin, a good High Church clergyman, to whom, it seems, it does not occur that there is work to be done in his family, among the "butterflies" he condemns. He finds factory girls better suited to him; the others "did not appeal to him." Beryl the flirt is the kind of girl to whom monogamy is a too limited arrangement. She wishes to be loved by two kinds of men. In this story she gains her wish to some extent, and to some extent wrecks her sister's life; but the author is kind enough—and true enough—to let us have a sufficiently happy ending. We are quite content that Beryl should have only one husband after all.

MR. JOHN OUSELEY.

Parents and friends who are already beginning to think of gift-books and prizes will do well to keep in mind a modest volume of many attractions. This is **The Druidess**, by Florence Gay (2s. 6d.). Mrs. Gay is steeped in the early history of her country, a fact which would be calculated to scare most boys and girls if we were not able to add that, having acquired her knowledge, she has sufficiently concealed it, and has drawn from it all the colour and romance and adventure, leaving the dry dust behind. The story begins with a spirited battle scene between the Saxons and the Early Britons, and the whole theme is thrilling and dramatic as it reveals the vicissitudes of the early Christians and the intrigues and final fate of the beautiful Druidess who counted worldly victories greater than the new faith.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Reprints and new editions are matter for praise and joy in these modern times, and among those which lie on our table is the valuable treatise of Mr. Charles Thomas Jacobi on **Printing** (7s. 6d.). He himself calls it "a practical treatise on the art of typography as applied to the printing of books," and Messrs. Bell in publishing this fourth, revised edition have again included the useful samples of paper at the end of the volume. Mr. Jacobi knows about all there is to know on the subject of printing, and his book is not only a treasure for printers, but a most useful handbook for journalists and book-lovers also.

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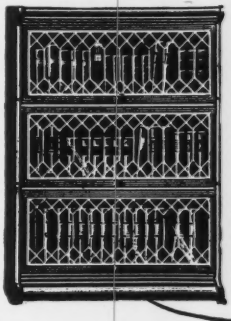

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